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CHRONICLE.

In Parliament. IT had been evident towards the end of last week that the House of Commons was getting into a somewhat wrangling mood, and this was again displayed on *Friday*. The evening sitting was as promptly counted out as Tuesday's had been, the justice of Mr. BALFOUR's remark as to the dismay which the prevention of such counts would cause being thus demonstrated, though the proceeding can hardly be called a satisfactory one in itself. In the morning Mr. BALFOUR had made, in answer to Mr. HOWARD VINCENT, the important statement that the Government are considering what is to be done in the altered circumstances of alien immigration. A rather complicated squabble then arose on the proposal to send the Evidence in Criminal Cases Bill to the Standing Committee on Law, the question of the Bill itself being very much mixed up with that of the inclusion of Ireland in it and with some other matters. It was finally referred as proposed, the understanding being that Ireland would probably be excluded. The India Councils Bill passed through Committee; but the House "stuck" in the Burgh Police and Health (Scotland) Bill.

In both Houses on *Monday* the new Ordinances for the Scotch Universities came up for considerable criticism. Lord WATSON's plea for the removal of something which was thought likely to be prejudicial to the study of mathematics was brief, and was at once attended to. In the Lower House there was talk from eleven till two on a motion of Mr. HALDANE's, unfavourable to the Ordinances, which was at length rejected. The most noteworthy things in the debate were the maiden speech of Mr. JEBB, as past-Professor of Glasgow, and the wonderful proposition of Mr. HUNTER to omit Greek as a compulsory subject for honours in mental philosophy. Mr. HUNTER wants to know why "the champions of Greek, who had not been allowed to interfere with mathematics, natural science, or Eastern languages, should come down and impose this unhappy embargo on the subject of mental philosophy"? It is interesting to note how Mr. HUNTER uses the word "embargo"; more interesting that he should consider Greek as standing in the same relation to philosophical study as to mathematics,

natural science, and Eastern languages. The earlier hours of the House of Commons had been bestowed on the Small Holdings Bill. Mr. SEALE HAYNE's amendment for compulsory leasing, supported, but not very strongly, by Mr. GLADSTONE, had been negatived by 229 to 152, and others by majorities more or lesser. The size of holdings was extended by compromise to fifteen acres. At the very beginning of the sitting Sir WILFRID LAWSON had exhibited the infinitely little by complaining of Volunteers being made honorary members of, and obtaining the Accursed Thing at, divers Chatham Clubs during the Easter manoeuvres. The HOME SECRETARY put him down very well.

On *Tuesday* Land was a more devouring element, as far as time was concerned, than ever was Water. The Small Holdings Bill ate up the morning sitting, and Mr. CALDWELL's motion as to the Scotch crofters and the extension of their Act to leaseholds swallowed the evening. Each sitting was pushed to its furthest normal length, and the closure had to be applied in the afternoon to obtain a division. The minorities in the morning were small, and the debate not particularly noteworthy. In the evening some observations which Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN contributed to the support of his brother in ratting and the representation of Glasgow, though feeble enough in themselves, had the merit of bringing up Mr. BALFOUR, who told the truth about this Crofter business with remarkable precision and vigour. Mr. CALDWELL's resolution was negatived by 152 to 113.

Wednesday was given up in the House of Commons to Mr. MATTINSON's Municipal Corporations Bill, or, as Mr. NEVILLE politely preferred to call it, Mr. Forwood's "Bill for Gerrymandering the Wards of Liverpool." Mr. FORWOOD proceeded to give Mr. NEVILLE three Rolands and a fraction for one small Oliver, by pointing out that in the ungerrymandered state of that city Mr. NEVILLE represented 8,000 ratepayers to a Tory representative of 25,000. Mr. HEALY filibustered the Bill as much as possible (to keep up the American dialect), but the closure baulked him, and the Bill was read, after two divisions, a second time.

In the House of Lords, on *Thursday*, a proposal of Lord HERSCHELL's to introduce "free sale" by a back door into the Conveyancing Bill was rejected. In the Lower House, the Extension to London Bill of the

Manchester and Sheffield Railway was passed, after stipulations had been made as to workmen's trains. The greater part of the sitting was spent upon the Small Holdings Bill. The puerile particularism of the Welsh members talked out Mr. GOSCHEN's motion for a Select Committee on the financial relations of the three kingdoms.

The Hackney Election. The return of Mr. BOUSFIELD for North Hackney by a majority of nearly a thousand is extremely satisfactory, and is acknowledged by the honest Gladstonians as a very heavy blow; the still larger majority obtained by Sir LEWIS PELLY against a very weak Gladstonian candidate in 1886 being confessed as giving no "line," and the present majority being more than double Sir LEWIS's in 1885, while the Unionist candidate now was only just pitched on, and Mr. MEATES had been before the constituency for a long time.

Politics out of Parliament. In his speech to the Primrose League yesterday week Lord SALISBURY gave no uncertain sound, especially as to the mixed reference of the coming general election, in which the Gladstonians want to smuggle in Home Rule under all sorts of disguises, and as to the rights of Ulster. On the same day a deputation waited upon Lord KNUTSFORD on the subject of splitting Queensland.—Another Government field-day followed at Manchester on Saturday, when Mr. BALFOUR opened bazaars and addressed meetings vigorously, going into the details of the Irish matter, as Lord SALISBURY had gone into its generalities. To administer the antidote to these two powerful banes Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT spoke at Bristol on Tuesday. He was, however, just a little disappointing, and, indeed, no human being can be expected to be so distractingly witty and diverting for two weeks running as Sir WILLIAM was at Ringwood. The principal point of the speech appeared to be that Mr. BURKE used to address Bristolians, and that Mr. BURKE was a great man. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT now addresses Bristolians; therefore Sir WILLIAM . . . ? If this is the argument, it has the double fault of not quite holding together and of suggesting to the restless mind the dangerous inquiry, "What would Mr. BURKE have thought of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT?"—On Wednesday the Duke of DEVONSHIRE addressed the Women's Liberal-Unionist Association, Mr. MATTHEWS spoke at Worcester, and Mr. JACKSON at Leeds; while at Brigg, in Lincolnshire, Mr. ZEPHON-LABOUCHERE rebuked Lord SATAN-SALISBURY for stirring up ill feeling in Ulster with all the "grace invincible" which our MILTON has assigned to the grave rebukes of virtuous youth.—On Thursday Lord ROSEBERY, in speaking to a complimentary address presented to him in Edinburgh, said the Irish question was settled. "Oh, 'man! but that's silly,'" as a great countryman of Lord ROSEBERY's once remarked.

Deputations. Wednesday was a great day for deputations. Lord SALISBURY and Mr. BALFOUR, assisted by Mr. GOSCHEN, met a deputation of bimetallists, and, without that assistance, one of Eight-hours men; while Mr. BALFOUR, changing rapiers in the scuffle, and armed now with Lord LOTHIAN, also listened to a third deputation on the subject of the Scottish Crofter, whom, more than any other poor man, we have always with us. The Crofter deputation represented the poor man's reasonable, not his unreasonable, friends, and the FIRST LORD and the SCOTCH SECRETARY spoke fairly comfortable words to it. The Eight-hours people were addressed in the grave and chaste manner; but bimetallists have been scandalized by Mr. GOSCHEN's information that the Government has accepted an American invitation to see what can be done for silver, though the acceptance has been given in the most non-committting way. The cross-bench mind, which says neither Shibeboleth nor Sibboleth, will probably say

that it is curious that Free-traders and unimetallists, though they both hold their dogmas to be absolutely proof against examination, should be so sensitive at having them examined.

Committees and The Parliamentary Committee, yesterday week. The preambles of the Embankment Tramway Bill proved. It is curious that three huge and undoubted nuisances have presented themselves to Parliamentary Committees this Session—the New London Terminus, the Eastbourne Torture Bill, and the Embankment Tramway Bill—and that in every case the Committee has ignored the real interest of the public and the convenience of the persons concerned, in deference to a spurious popularity. The report of the Vaccination Commissioners, on the same day, exhibited a similarly unworthy partiality for nuisances and nuisance-spreaders. And yet another example, we fear, may be found, unless all reports lie, in the action of the Committee appointed to try the other side of the railway intimidation charges. It is quite clear, from the published evidence, that the man HARFORD and his associates did take action on the evidence of a former witness, while the Cambrian directors at least maintained that they had quite other reasons for dismissing HOOD. Yet, while the "masters" were "had up" and rated, the "men" are, it is said, to be let off.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. On this day week the death of EMIN Pasha was reported with almost unnecessary reserves, the German army had received a ten years old recruit in the CROWN PRINCE, the Italian crisis continued; and, in a long letter to the French Cardinals, LEO XIII. repeated and defended his policy of supporting the Republic. This is at least Christian; for the Republic has made no secret of the fact that she and Clericalism are enemies. So Clericalism is to love her.—A discussion of the old subjects, mostly, and a little new news were added on Monday, the most important item being a warning from the Indian Government to the Ameer of AFGHANISTAN not to meddle too much with Bajaur, one of the districts of the No Man's Land between India, Afghanistan, and the Pamir.—On Monday VÉRY, the second victim of the Anarchists, followed the other, HAMONOD; and thus two perfectly innocent men have died a death of horrible and lingering torture as a result of the class of acts in which the craven jurymen of Paris see "extenuating circumstances." It was asserted that the Prefect of Police at St. Petersburg, who has since died, was poisoned by scoundrels of the Anarchist type, though there are other explanations of his death; and a very singular state of things, on which we comment elsewhere, was made known in connexion with the steamers of the Inman Line and registration in America.—The Belgian Chamber of Deputies has decided on submitting the Constitution to "revision," a well-known process which, rightly understood, is a sufficient *reductio ad absurdum* of written constitutions.—On Wednesday it was reported that EMIN Pasha is not dead, but blind, the same reports containing fresh rumours of meddling by the Free State with the Equatorial province. It is known that attempts in this direction have been made for some time past by way of the Ubangi, and they will have to be stopped sooner or later.—On Tuesday the German EMPEROR shook hands with and promoted the sentry who recently shot two civilians at sight. This will, doubtless, encourage the other civilians.—In Italy Signor GIOLITTI, who is little known, and does not seem to command much public confidence, has been empowered to form a Ministry.—The foreign news of Thursday morning was insignificant. The sale of M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS's (the son's) pictures at Paris, on Thursday, had interest; for there might you have bought one COROT for forty

frances and another for forty thousand. Signor GIOLITTI has succeeded in forming a passable Ministry.

The Law It was probably inevitable that MOWBRAY, **Courts.** the tailor-publisher of the *Commonweal*, should get off. We do not know whether his colleague, Mr. NICOLL, who was shocked at the inadequacy of the sentence on Mrs. MONTAGU, equally disapproves of the lightness of his own condemnation to eighteen months' hard labour. By experts, we believe, the severity of this sentence is considered about equal to seven years' penal servitude. Two years' hard labour is hardly ever inflicted; but ten years' penal servitude—the maximum penalty of that kind for the offence—would not have been a day too much for a direct incitement to murder of the most atrocious character, because the persons threatened were only doing their official duty. Probably the rather unsatisfactory character of the police evidence about NICOLL's speech may have influenced the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. His article was enough by itself, and it must always be a matter of astonishment that our Public Prosecutors will mix up weak charges with strong ones, to the weakening of the latter.—On Saturday an important judgment was delivered by the Court of Appeal in the great case of the British South Africa and Mozambique Companies. The decision of the Court below was reversed, English jurisdiction being affirmed. So now, no doubt, the thing will go to the House of Lords. This is as it should be. For what do gold- and diamond-mining Companies exist but to supply lawyers with business?—A very curious point as between dramatic author and manager was raised on Wednesday before Mr. Justice STIRLING in Mr. GILBERT's application to restrain Mr. SEDGER from having *The Mountebanks* performed at Islington—the question being whether Islington is "London" or "the provinces." And next day Mr. Justice STIRLING relieved the home of the Bailiff's daughter (if, indeed, it were, For learned minds are clouded with a doubt) from the "provincial" stigma.

Sport. The One Thousand Guineas, yesterday week, was a foregone conclusion for La Flèche, and she duly brought it off. The first day of the Chester Meeting was fine, but the racing was unimportant. The Cup, on Wednesday, attracted a great crowd of visitors to the famous course, and was well won by Mr. PERKINS's Dare-devil from Silver Spur and Tableau Vivant. In the principal race of the next day, the Cheshire Handicap, Colonel NORTH's Sir Frederick Roberts was successful.—On Saturday Mr. CRAWLEY, the amateur tennis champion, played a match with LATHAM; but the professional was too much for him.—In the Cambridge Freshmen's match Mr. POPE (of Harrow and Trinity) did some good bowling. Mr. FRY again batted well in the Eleven v. Sixteen match at Oxford.

Miscellaneous. At the sale of Lord CHEYLESMORE's pictures this day week, LANDSEER's famous "Monarch of the Glen" all but reached seven thousand guineas, which, fine as it is, is rather more than some of us would probably have given for it. And on the whole the works of the English artists of the middle of the century, of which the collection chiefly consisted, were well kept up in price.—Archbishop VAUGHAN, whom his co-religionists call of Westminster, was on the same day enthroned, and will, it is to be trusted, follow the example of WISEMAN rather than that of MANNING.—A very well-known place of resort in London, SCOTT's oyster and supper-rooms at the top of the Hay-market, was burnt down on Monday morning, unluckily with the loss of several lives.—As usual in May there has been much non-political as well as much political meeting and speaking. Lord DERBY on Wednesday spoke at the "presentation day" of London University; and Mr. LECKY, in the absence of Lord KELVIN, presided and spoke at the Literary Fund dinner. The

Sons of the Clergy held their famous festival; and many other May Meetings took place on this and other days of the week.—It was *spirituel*, but a little malicious, of the clerk of the weather to arrange Wednesday's eclipse of the moon just when the picture-galleries are open, for in truth it beat them. Happening at exactly the right time of a singularly fine May night, and being, though not total, of that still more effective kind where a very small "crescent of eclipse" is left to "dream" over the landscape, it provided an arrangement in indigo, sepia, and silver which must have made Mr. WHISTLER, if he saw it, suspect "interlopers" even more strongly than a famous brother of his craft once did.

Obituary. Dr. HOFFMANN was a great chemist, equally well known in England and in Germany, having held appointments here for sixteen and there for nearly thirty years. His discoveries of aniline dyes have produced some dreadful things, but that was hardly his fault.—M. ALFRED GRÉVIN, the famous French artist, had but one secret, but he used that with immense cleverness. No one was ever so thoroughly convinced as GRÉVIN that the curve is the line of female beauty, and his idea of the female form consisted of many pairs of curves, some extremely large. It was monotonous, but not disagreeable.—Professor JAMES THOMSON was the brother of Lord KELVIN, and one of the chiefs of scientific engineering.—At the end of last week France lost M. GUIRAUD, the composer, and M. DE LESCURE, a very industrious and well-informed writer on the history and literature of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, whose last book, on CHATEAUBRIAND, we noticed but a week or two ago.—It is almost, or quite, unnecessary to praise Lord BRAMWELL. An excellent lawyer and judge, he had in his later years done even greater service to the public by lending it his admirably trained and extremely keen and vigorous intellect as a sort of general solvent of sophistries and bodkin of bubbles. He was a dreadful thorn in the sides of Gladstonians, Socialists, and such-like cattle, and a pitiless rebuker of all cant and gush.—Canon CHAMPNEYS was a dignitary of eminence and experience.—Mr. WILLIAM BEASLEY was a member of a very well known family of Irish "gentle-men jocks," and died in his vocation; while the early and melancholy death of Mr. C. D. BUXTON removed an excellent cricketer and good all-round athlete, who had been notable at Harrow and Cambridge.

Books, &c. The principal book of the week is Mr. SWINBURNE's new tragedy, *The Sisters* (CHATTO & WINDUS).

THE HACKNEY ELECTION.

THREE are few things against which we are so careful to guard as the exaggeration of successes at bye-elections, and it is therefore not without deliberation that we rank the Unionist success at North Hackney on Wednesday as a very considerable success indeed. Take it which way you will, it is one of the soundest beatings that Gladstonians have received since 1886, and it is so taken by all the saner members of the party. Even those who obstinately shut their eyes to anything but the election of 1886 itself, when Sir LEWIS PELLY beat his opponent by a larger majority still than that which has seated Mr. BOUSFIELD, must have uncomfortable qualms; for Dr. AUBREY was a merely negligible candidate compared with Mr. MEATES, and Sir LEWIS PELLY was a popular sitting member, while Mr. BOUSFIELD was a recent candidate, who started with fewer days' canvassing than his opponent

had had months. Looked at from any other point of view, the success is far greater. The majority was more than twice that of 1885, when there was a real fight. The Tory poll was more than a thousand in excess of the numbers reached by Sir LEWIS in either of the last two contests; and, if we are not mistaken, came near an actual majority of all the voters nominally on the register. It was obtained, as has been said, by a candidate who was new to the constituency, and we believe we are not betraying secrets when we say that there was another possible Unionist candidate for whom the electors would have polled more heavily still. And, last and most important of all, the light which the contest threw on the recent disastrous defeat of the "Moderate" party at the County Council election was a light of the most discouraging character to Gladstonian hopes. The constituencies in the two fights are, of course, not quite identical, but this difference applies in all cases. And whereas the Gladstonians in the Parliamentary fight, after all the exertions of their candidate for years, could but muster some score or two more than the Progressive candidate in the municipal contest, Mr. BOUSFIELD headed the Moderate candidate (a very popular one) by nearly the same amount by which he beat Mr. MEATES. And Mr. MEATES had left no stone unturned to secure victory. He was against anything and for anything that anybody wished him to be against or for. Mr. MEATES would have abolished drinks, he would have disestablished churches, he would have given Home Rule to the Isle of Erin and the Isle of Dogs, he would have ordained that the six-hooped pot (of tea, of course) should have sixty hoops. He left nothing undone either in the way of promises or in the way of persistence; and he was beaten "thorough and thorough."

Are we, then, to "cast our caps and cares away," as the old song bids, decide that the General Election will be as Hackney, and much more also, and that nobody need bother himself about it? Most assuredly not. For, as it happens, the Hackney election is a good example of the "doing" of those things which are recommended to be done in another article, which article in its turn may be very strongly recommended to the perusal of everybody who wants to know and to work, not to play in a fool's paradise, in reference to the General Election itself. It is true that Hackney was not quite an example of the counsel of perfection in electoral matters—the keeping of an under-study, or second string, ready in case of the sudden decease of a sitting member. But that is probably often, if not always, impossible. At any rate, a good, if not the best, candidate was promptly secured; there was no shillyshallying about support to him by either of the two Unionist parties; there was plenty of that "work" which seems superfluous and irrational to old staggers, but without which the present constituencies are, save in the rarest cases, simply not to be won. And the result was what we see. All the vaunts of the Gladstonians were swept away, though they had made up their minds that an actual win was by no means improbable, and that a very narrow race was absolutely certain. "If the Liberals are "to win," said their chief organ, the day before, "they must put forth all their strength, and poll "their last man." The comparison with the March elections showed that the "Liberals" obeyed this mandate, did put out all their strength, did poll their last man, and found themselves a thousand toofew in a constituency of anything but established Tory traditions, which had actually elected one "Progressive" candidate to the County Council, and which is very fairly representative of almost all component parts of the usual London electorate. Therefore, on one condition, it is certainly permitted from this day forward to

discard any fearful lookings-forward on account of the March disaster in London and of the Gladstonian successes in some parts of the country. But that condition is precedent and absolute. It is that there shall be no slackness in working.

LORD BRAMWELL.

IF we are entitled to call a man happy—when other circumstances admit of our doing so—as soon as he is dead, we are now free to say of Lord BRAMWELL that hardly any man of our time has had more to be thankful for, and less occasion, as far as we know, and as far as the general public knows, to repine at his lot. Strong, active, successful, full of life and interest in life—these were the epithets characteristic of Lord BRAMWELL from the time when his name first became generally familiar, and these epithets continued to be invariably applicable to him until he died this week at the age of eighty-four.

When he retired from the Bench, eleven years ago, he had been a judge for an unusually long time; and, inasmuch as he sat pretty constantly at the hearing of appeals in the House of Lords, he may be said to have administered justice in the highest courts for the extraordinary period of thirty-six years. Yet he did not become famous very early in life, having been comparatively little known until—the first time he went circuit as a judge—he achieved fame at a stroke by the manner in which he tried the murderer DOVE. Like most other first-rate English judges, he impressed the critical observer in the first place by his strength, and that, as the bare facts of his professional life show well enough, both in body and mind. He was not a person of particularly polished or cultivated manners. The contrast between him and either the present or the late Chief Justice of England was sufficiently striking. He would have surprised any one who had so much as heard him try a single case at *nisi prius*, either by displaying any classical erudition or by delivering a judgment deserving of study for its literary merit. In the last years of his life, when he was not a paid judge, and was a peer of the realm, and therefore took a strenuous part in the discussion of all manner of public questions, he perhaps fell rather into the habit of exaggerating this feature of his character. He both spoke and wrote as if he thought that homely bluntness of expression, and the sparing use of words of more than one syllable, were good things in themselves, and thereby he occasionally tended to become a little obscure—which was the thing he disliked most, and, on the whole, avoided with the most signal success. Such an excellent fighter, however, may be allowed to fight in what style he pleases, especially at the end of long, honourable, and exceedingly useful public service. He had a thoroughly pugnacious nature—that is, he would sooner dispute than not—but he never fought for the mere sake of fighting. In these days a judicious fighting man need never be long in want of an object for his onset, and Lord BRAMWELL never was. His earliest remembered conflict—that with the doctors who cannot be persuaded that some madmen deserve punishment—endured almost to the end of his life. It is not more than five or six years since he upheld this invaluable principle in a magazine article in a manner which excited the most horrified remonstrance in certain medical circles.

A somewhat effusive commentator upon his life has attributed to him the saying that, "If he had his "choice to be a great judge or a good judge, he would "much prefer to be the latter." However often he may have said so, it was a thoroughly uncharacteristic observation. In the first place, it is obscure, because it is not apparent whether "good judge" means efficient

judge or virtuous judge, and if the former there is no difference between good and great. In the second place, it is of the nature of cant. Everybody talks cant from time to time, and it would be a most uncomfortable thing to meet a person who never did so; but the wise clear their minds of it, and in this matter Lord BRAMWELL was exceedingly wise. "I am not a modest 'man,'" he once said, with emphatic solemnity, at a Bar dinner. The statement was enthusiastically cheered, and it was quite true. In thought and speech he was strong, clear, and aggressive, and he was, therefore, admirably fitted to comment upon many things and people that are conspicuous nowadays. His death comes in the course of nature, and, while the public may properly deplore it as a misfortune, they should remember that no country can have better fortune than to suffer many such misfortunes. Of Lord BRAMWELL's private life it is enough to say that it was what those who knew him as a public character would expect—strong, kindly, and cheerful. No one can doubt that he has been happy in his life, as his country has been better, stronger, and wiser by reason of his having lived.

LORD SALISBURY AND MR. BALFOUR.

ATTENTIVE observers of politics cannot have failed to notice the meek reception which has, on the whole, been given by the Gladstonians to Lord SALISBURY's by no means meek address to the Primrose League at Covent Garden Theatre. Sir WILLIAM HARcourt, it is true, has objected to the PRIME MINISTER's blunt description of the surrender to Home Rule as handing over the people of Ulster to their "hereditary and irreconcilable enemies," and in his character of Father of the Constitution, guardian of order and upholder of law against popular outbreaks of lawlessness, he has protested against the PRIME MINISTER's "incitements to insurrection." But, if we respectfully leave out Sir WILLIAM HARcourt, there is no Gladstonian, however wise, good, and consistent, who has been moved to challenge the PRIME MINISTER's very plain statement of the Ulster case. It has provoked (or at any rate it provoked till some mystic word was passed) little protest even from those who best know it to be true, and must therefore be most keenly alive to the urgent necessity of denying it. This is, at first sight, undoubtedly surprising. When we consider the copious supply of virtuous constitutional indignation which was poured out the other day from every Gladstonian pump when certain representatives of Ulster said, in their own name, and in not very much stronger terms, what Lord SALISBURY has since said on their behalf, one would hardly have thought to find that the supply of this noble fluid, just when it was expected to be most plentiful, had "given out." It seems pretty evident that, for some reason or other, the Gladstonians have come to the conclusion that virtuous constitutional indignation does not pay, and that, if the result of pumping it up is only to prolong controversy on a very ticklish subject, they had better let the pump-handle alone. If this is really their conclusion, we will candidly acknowledge its soundness and handsomely congratulate them on their foresight. For the plain truth is that it would not pay the Gladstonians to involve themselves in any public dispute with their adversaries on the subject of Ulster; and that the pleasure of denouncing Lord SALISBURY as a "firebrand" would ill compensate them for the annoyance of being invited to consider the effect of the therein implied admission that there is considerable store of combustible material in Ireland, and to explain what steps they would themselves propose to take, in the event of their return to power, to avert a conflagration. To allow it to break out and then to call in the military forces

of the Crown to play firemen is not, they are well aware, and as Lord SALISBURY has explained to them, a hopeful method of dealing with the situation. The PRIME MINISTER, indeed, went so far as to declare that to send British soldiers to shoot down the men of a British advanced guard for refusing to recognize a capitulation at head-quarters would be to "perpetrate an outrage which would rend our society in two"; and the Gladstonians are wofully afraid that the PRIME MINISTER may be right. Even their revered leader drew the line at this in the Transvaal. He did not despatch troops to open fire on the obstinate garrison at Potchefstroom.

Yet if this—the only known mode of suppressing a civil war—is inapplicable to the situation before them, how is the outbreak of that war to be prevented? For it is not open to the Gladstonians to deny the danger of its occurrence; although, with that happy shortness of political memory which is natural and perhaps necessary to any party led by Mr. GLADSTONE, they have of late gone near to denying it. It may be, however, that some of these fluent declaimers on the enormity of recognizing the facts of religious and race hatred in Ireland have been induced by the near approach of the dissolution to reconsider their position in the light of their leader's own assumption, as embodied in his abortive policy. The effect of such a process cannot but have been extremely disconcerting. It must have conjured up to their imagination the unpleasant voice of the heckler inquiring why, if it were so monstrous a calumny of Lord SALISBURY's to describe the majority in the South and West of Ireland as the "hereditary and irreconcilable enemies of the minority" in Ulster, Mr. GLADSTONE should have carefully framed his Home Rule Bill of 1886 on the assumption that the monstrous calumny was a simple statement of the facts? That measure throughout presupposed the division of Ireland between a majority of would-be oppressors and a minority of might-be oppressed, and the whole of its elaborate and fantastic provisions, with reference to the "two orders" of the Legislature and their mode of voting, the machinery of the veto, and so forth, were designed to prevent this possibility of oppression from becoming a reality. What is worse, the hypothetical "heckler" may further ask whether circumstances have altered since the Bill of 1886 was introduced; and, if not, how Mr. GLADSTONE now proposes to provide against the dangers which he so fully recognized six years ago. Which question being impossible to answer without knowing what nobody does know—to wit, the contemplated provisions of the Home Rule Bill—the Gladstonians naturally shrink from embroilment in a controversy which would lead directly up to it.

But if these prudential considerations may be pleaded in excuse for leaving Lord SALISBURY alone, they hardly apply to Mr. BALFOUR's speech of the following night, which certainly seems to require some sort of answer. Yet even the professional gladiator of the party has declined the contest in this instance; alleging, strangely enough, that Mr. BALFOUR's address at Manchester was "dull," a "stale summing-up of 'controversies of the past.'" But can a summing-up be appropriately described as "stale" before the verdict has been delivered? The litigation may have, as in this case it has, lasted considerably longer even than the TICHBORNE case; but the fact that the jury are only now about to retire to consider their finding surely lends a certain factitious freshness to the evidence, and must prevent any forensic *résumé* of it from seeming entirely out of date. Perhaps Sir WILLIAM HARcourt will see the necessity of pulling himself together at some time or other between now and the General Election, and endeavouring to reply "upon the whole case." It may

be that he thinks he has already done so. He is apparently liable to hallucinations of this sort; for he said at Bristol that he had "always declared against 'Fenian Home Rule.' What, *always*? Whenever the opportunity offered? No recollection of a gentleman of the name of REDMOND? Or of any questions asked by him in the House of Commons? Or of going home to dinner and forgetting to return? Or of—but we are anticipating the interrogatories of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's constituents, and may leave it to them to clear up any misunderstanding on the question whether he has "always declared against Fenian Home Rule."

To return to Mr. BALFOUR and his "stale summing-up of past controversies," it is a pity, we think, that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, even if he was not prepared to reply upon the whole case, should not have selected at least some points in the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY's speech for criticism. For instance, there is the extremely inconvenient—and, since the facts themselves are comparatively new, the certainly not stale—exposure of, perhaps, the most useful piece of humbug that has served the Gladstonians for the past five years. We refer to their explanation of the pacification of Ireland as being due, not to the firm administration of the law, but to the "consciousness that the English statesmen of the Gladstonian party were going to do them justice at 'the next election.'" Mr. BALFOUR, however, has just pointed out that "ever since the Parnellite split we have had the two sections of the Nationalist party in Ireland each professing that, whatever else they may believe in, they do not believe in the Gladstonian statesmen." Mr. BALFOUR further notes the very candid, significant observation in which Mr. REDMOND has pointed out that the "Union of Hearts"—or, in other words, the Gladstone-Parnellite understanding—so far from operating to restore law and order, was the only thing which enabled them to make any fight at all against the steady pressure of administration; and that now that that understanding has been broken up, there is no longer anything to prevent order (like "respectability" in the Western American anecdote) from "stalking unchecked."

And yet, in spite of its containing all this new matter, in spite of its putting the Gladstonian case in a manner which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT must admit to be new to him, he "did not find Mr. BALFOUR's speech 'interesting'!"

COERCION AND CATS.

THE conduct of cats and of dogs is causing great searchings of heart. The cat is a creature with but one defect, yet that serious—he murders sleep. We all know what it is to wake from a terrific dream of horrors, with a wild, weird cry as of a soul in torment ringing in our ears. The noise is as if HEROD were butchering great numbers of able-bodied innocents. But it is only the cats making a *tapage nocturne*, as M. RAOUL GINESTE says in his poems, *Chasses et Chats*:

On entend éclater de longs rires,
De long rires sournois et mignons,
Qui montent la gamme des délires;
Tel des jongleurs sur des tympanons.

Les écumeurs des toits are out enjoying themselves, and how can man defend his rest from their hideous outcries? What, indeed, is to be done? *Que faire?* You may open the window and empty your Winchester over the cats; but a volley of Winchester bullets is not a desirable thing in a quiet suburban neighbourhood. You may hurl boots and books into the night; but it is difficult to see, and nearly impossible to hit, a cat in the dark. The best plan is patience. The noise does not last all night. Cats are not dogs. Their concert is soon over,

though to the utmost degree poignant while it lasts. There are people who do not accept this philosophy. They have taken to poisoning cats, and this is odiously cruel—moreover, punishable by the law of the land. We must live and let live, and, if cats are occasionally far from desirable amateurs of music, we must remember how much they have endured at the hand of man. If a person of taste inflicts pain, as in a review occasionally, think how much he must first have suffered, as LESSING says. The cat, too, has learned in suffering, at the hands of boys, what he teaches in song—song which we cannot but admit is often far from being sweetly modulated. The world would be happier if cat-proprietors could only shut up their favourites during the ambrosial night. But the cat is as difficult to keep in prison as Baron TRENCK. He escapes like a shadow, noiselessly, "following darkness like a dream," and then he indulges in love and war, and martial or amorous outcries. Well, we must take the bad with the good, must endure it, and never dream of cruel and cowardly poisoning.

The cat, at worst, is not nearly so bad as the urban cock which crows in the morn. Once started—and he starts very early—the cock never stops. Nervous people, like Mr. CARLYLE, wait and listen for him, and he continues for ever. Now the cat only utters a few lyric notes; he has the lyric cry in perfection, but he has the lyric brevity. People should not keep cocks in town, or, if they keep them, should fetter them to their perches at night. This is, indeed, a form of coercion, but not cruel, like poisoning cats. The tethered cock crows not; a great and sleepless philosopher is said to have made this discovery. But persons who keep cocks will not act on it, and magistrates appear actually to have a partiality for cocks, and do not support the aggrieved.

The cat, we said, hath a lyric brevity; not so the dog. The town is overrun with dogs. As a rule, they only pour a volley of barks into the air about eleven, and are then taken in, when they fall silent. But it is an awful thing when it dawns on you that a dog is barking after the volley is over. He barks for half an hour, he barks for an hour, he barks all night. He has been shut out, and wants to get in. He is an egotistic, odious brute, and thinks of nobody but himself. Of course his owner never hears him; nobody is ever kept awake by the yowls of his own tyke. There are two large classes of sleep-murdering hounds. The first is the big dog who bays, at intervals of a minute; like the toothless mastiff bitch of Sir LEOLINE, the baron rich. There is the querulous, yapping fox-terrier, who keeps up his hideous complaints till he is let in with the milk. The smaller he is the more noise he makes. No mercy should be shown to people who lock out their dogs, if only we knew how to get at them. But how are they to be got at? Few have the energy to sally forth in a cold morning at 3 o'clock, and beat the dog with a stick; but there is great enjoyment in the adventure.

POLITICAL CHIMNEY-SWEEPING.

SIR ALGERNON WEST has declined the not very pressing invitation of the Gladstonian party in the Spen Valley district of Yorkshire to become their candidate at the next general election, in succession to Mr. JOSEPH WOODHEAD, the present member, in whose name some persons may see a Gladstonian appropriateness. Of the three aspirants who presented themselves, Sir ALGERNON was pronounced *dignissimus* by a rather qualified superlative. A feeble majority thought him the least unworthy of the triad—for it came to little more than that. It is as if PARIS had declared APHRODITE to be the least ugly of the competing goddesses in the first of all beauty shows. Grave

exception was taken to certain circumstances which we may call the inseparable accidents of Sir ALGERNON WEST's person and position. The purists of the Spen Valley consider it "highly objectionable" that he should be what they call a Government pensioner. In other words, they think it wrong that he should take the arrears of his salary for forty years' service at the Inland Revenue Board; for that is what his pension really is. It is a deferred annuity purchased by a corresponding deduction from the yearly payments made to him; and to withhold it would have been a breach of contract, and morally embezzlement. The same rule, substituting the East India Company for the Government, would have disqualified JOSEPH HUME and JOHN STUART MILL, to say nothing of the late Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL and the Irish patriot who so nobly "commuted." Sir ALGERNON WEST's crime was aggravated, we suppose, by the fact that, by HER MAJESTY's favour, he resides in Ambassador's Court, St. James's Palace; that he was not long ago a Gentleman Usher of Privy Chamber to the QUEEN, and that his successor in that post is his son. To the offence of being a Government pensioner he adds the enormity of being a minion of the Court. Against all this the fact that Sir ALGERNON WEST was not only eulogized and invited to a new career by Mr. GLADSTONE, but posted to Yorkshire, "favoured" by Mr. ARNOLD MORLEY, went for little. We are not surprised. From the rational point of view, it is rather a recommendation to Sir ALGERNON WEST than otherwise that he should possess the social qualities and experience, the economic knowledge, and the administrative capacity implied in the posts he has filled. But this is not the view of the New Radicalism. Pensioner and courtier—these words are sufficient to condemn him with the latter-day Gladstonians. Sir ALGERNON WEST may profitably reflect on this state of things, if his Spen Valley adventure has left in him any taste for a Parliamentary career.

On other grounds more may be said for the Spen Valley Radicals. Sir ALGERNON WEST declared that his confidence in Mr. GLADSTONE was such that he would not hesitate to sweep a chimney if his leader told him to do so. GEORGE HERBERT's well-known lines, with the smallest alteration in the letter and no alteration in the spirit, express Sir ALGERNON's devout obedience:

A servant, by this clause
Makes drudgery divine,
Who sweeps a chimney in His cause
Makes that and the action fine.

Many of the climbing boys of politics would, no doubt, be as ready as Sir ALGERNON to sweep chimneys at Mr. GLADSTONE's bidding. But Sir ALGERNON is something better than a climbing boy. It is a pity that any words of his should recall Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN and Lord SPENCER's boots. Mr. GLADSTONE might as well have detached his shadow from himself, and sent it down to canvass the electors of the Spen Valley as Sir ALGERNON WEST. He was formerly Mr. GLADSTONE's private secretary; and the rule, we suppose, holds good—once a private secretary, always a private secretary. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE never quite overcame the influence of that relationship, and could seldom bring himself to lift his hand against his father PROTAGORAS. We should be glad to think that the Radicals of the Spen Valley wished Sir ALGERNON WEST to be himself; to have a will, and an intelligence, and a voice of his own; to assert himself as a political human being, and not to be a mere telephone wire giving out at one end the words spoken at the other—a puppet jerked by the strings. It would be satisfactory to think that they had reverted to the old theory of representation, which, within the not very wide limits imposed by party organization, allowed a member a certain freedom of thought, vote, and speech.

But we cannot so far delude ourselves. They want a member who will sweep chimneys and black boots, and discharge all the menial offices of politics at their bidding, and not at Mr. GLADSTONE'S. Which master would be the more exacting, which servitude intrinsically the baser, is a question of casuistry too abject to be worth determining.

THE INMAN STEAMERS.

THE transfer of the Inman steamers *City of New York* and *City of Paris* to the American flag is a transaction which calls for more notice than it has as yet received. We have no objection to the purchase of steamers, built in this country, by the United States. The more they buy the better it will be for Belfast and the Clyde. It is not the prospect that America will acquire seven, or seventeen, or seventy of the finest "war cruisers in the world" which need disturb anybody. The United States navy may be all a-growing, and its senators may be always all a-blowing, and no great harm done. As long as our ship-builders are allowed to construct war-ships for any Power which will pay for them, they may build for the United States as lawfully, and quite as safely, as for nations which are less given to bragging. The complaint is that *these* two vessels should be allowed to go to another State.

The *City of New York* and the *City of Paris* were quoted as forming part of the available strength of the navy in case of war. They were built so as to be available for naval service, on the strength of an undertaking on the part of HER MAJESTY'S Government to give them a certain yearly subvention. Without this security it is to be presumed that they would not have been constructed so as to be fit for this purpose. It may therefore be maintained that, in so far as they are exceptionally fit for use in war, they are the work of the Admiralty. Also, it is this same fitness which makes them particularly desirable to the Americans, if we are to trust the word of Senator FRYE. On this statement of the case, it would appear to be very contrary to common sense that the persons who put them on the English Register should be allowed to transfer them to another flag. The step is legal enough if the published information is accurate. At the time the subvention was given to these vessels—so it is said—the Admiralty took into account the possibility that they might, in case of war, be found worth buying by the United States. As much, if not all, of the capital in the Inman Line is known to be American, the Admiralty did not overlook the chance that patriotism might make the owners particularly willing to see their vessels secured for their own country. As a safeguard against any such transfer, it was provided that the Company should forfeit one year's subvention. Since this was the arrangement the owners are of course entitled to take advantage of it whenever it pays them to alter the nationality of their registration. They have a perfect right to do what the terms of their contract expressly allow them to do on definite conditions.

It is the Admiralty which is open to blame for making a most absurd bargain. For it is absurd that vessels which are quoted as forming part of the strength of the navy should be liable to transfer just when they are wanted, even to the very State with which we are about to fight. It is misleading to talk of vessels held on such terms as forming part of the strength of the navy. They are of no use in peace-time. Their whole value lies in their liability to be used in war. If they are to go just when they are wanted, the money spent in subsidizing them has been wholly wasted. The security against this loss provided by the Admiralty was childishly inadequate. It is impossible to suppose that

a State which was about to fight us at sea would hesitate for a moment to indemnify the owners for the loss of 21,000*l.*, or ten times that sum, when the object was to obtain possession of a particularly valuable ship. The power to retain the subvention of one year would be no equivalent to us for the five or ten similar sums already thrown away. The extravagance of the bargain is so obvious that we hesitate to believe that the American account can be true; and yet the fact that the Inman Company is actually preparing to alter its registration shows that it cannot be wholly unfounded. If it turns out that this is the case, the Admiralty must be asked to revise its whole system of subsidizing cruisers. We must be able to command the service of vessels for which subsidies are paid with confidence. To spend sums which in a few years amount to the value of a first-class battle-ship, and to get nothing in return but an untrustworthy chance of obtaining the service of a cruiser, is little better than folly. The methods by which security could be obtained are easily named. No vessel should be subsidized which is not really as well as nominally owned by Englishmen, and it should be made a condition to the granting of all subsidies that the owners bound themselves not to transfer their ship to a foreign flag at all, without the consent of the Admiralty. It should be expressly stipulated that this consent might be absolutely refused without reason assigned, and would never be given except on condition that all the subsidies already paid were refunded with interest.

PUBLIC BUSINESS.

OPINIONS may, no doubt, differ as to the presiding intention which has dictated the Ministerial arrangements of Parliamentary business; but there can be but one view of their operation and result. If it be the object of the Leader of the House to make as much progress as possible with everything except the principal Bill of the Session, it would be impossible to improve upon his dispositions. We do not undertake, be it observed, to say that this is, in fact, his object, and we are therefore not called upon to express either satisfaction or dissatisfaction with it if it be so; all we are concerned to affirm is that the work of the House of Commons has been, and is being, arranged on a system which must necessarily operate to the result in question. Almost every Ministerial measure of primary and secondary importance, with the single exception of the Irish Local Government, is either making actual progress or improving its prospects thereof, while the outlook for the excepted Bill itself is week by week undergoing that progressive obscuration which must necessarily overshadow any large and contentious measure that the approach of summer finds still stationary at its first Parliamentary stage. Meanwhile the various Bills which are being proceeded with have undoubtedly been manipulated with considerable adroitness. The one Bill which the English Opposition dare not obstruct is kept steadily before the House, while to prevent the Irish Opposition from obstructing it, a Bill in which they themselves take peculiar interest is being studiously postponed to it. Members from Ireland lead plaintively with the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY or the resumption of progress with the Irish Education Bill. MR. BALFOUR remains inflexible in his refusal to renew the discussion of it until the Small Holdings Bill is through Committee. Nevertheless he last week made Mr. O'CONNOR hope. The measure will come on gain in good time, and then, "if representatives from Ireland will show practical interest in the subject by abstaining from debating at any great length, there will be no difficulty in bringing the discussion to a close before"—when? Marry, "before the General Election."

According to another report, MR. BALFOUR is stated to have included in this observation the Irish Local Government Bill also; and it is, of course, possible that he did. But if so, he was indulging as to the last-mentioned measure in a mere figure of speech. To say that the Irish Local Government Bill will be passed before the next General Election would be only to predict that a difficult task will be accomplished—a prediction which no one can be in a position to traverse with absolute confidence. But to say that there is "no difficulty" in the task is to make a statement which any one with the most moderate experience of Parliamentary matters is entitled to contest. MR. BALFOUR's most sanguine expectations are bounded, as we know, by the expectation of getting the Bill read a second time before Whitsuntide; and, Whitsunday falling on the 5th of June, Parliament would in the natural course of things reassemble on the 13th of that month. From thence to the 12th of August there is a space of little more than eight weeks—that is to say, of forty Parliamentary working days—and during this period the arrears of minor legislation will have to be disposed of, and the financial business of the Session wound up. How much time these engagements will leave available for the clause by clause consideration of a measure like the Irish Local Government Bill, and what chance there would be of disposing of it within that time, is a calculation to be commended to the curious. Roughly speaking, we should say that, while the odds against the accomplishment of the feat would be considerable, even if all parties approached the question with a *bonâ fide* desire for its settlement, they would be ten times as great in the existing circumstances of the case, wherein it is doubtful whether, outside the actual Ministerial circle, there are a dozen members on either side of the House who are really desirous of seeing the Bill become law. The Opposition, though their leader has been recently expressing his eager desire to discuss it, are only anxious to have an opportunity of posing as the party of "trust in the Irish people," and recording their condemnation of the base artifices by which the Government are attempting the sidelong withdrawal of their boon. Amended or unamended, the Gladstonians would rather the Bill did not pass at all; while, as to the Unionists, those among them who do not positively dislike and dread it regard it with a mixture of indifference and misgiving. That is not a measure to be easily rushed through Parliament between Whitsuntide and the recess.

DEPUTATIONS.

IT is not often, even in these highly Parliamentary times, that a Prime Minister has to listen to two deputations on the same day, drawn from widely different classes, and each asking for legislation to alter the nature of things. This was the fortune of Lord SALISBURY on Wednesday—once supported by MR. BALFOUR, and once by MR. BALFOUR and MR. GOSCHEN. On the second occasion Capital approached the PREMIER, with the request that he would do something, or would at least not commit himself to a refusal to do something, to make a metal which can be dug out in enormous quantities as stationary in value as another metal of which the supply cannot be increased. On the first occasion Lord SALISBURY had to listen to and answer a deputation of "Labour," composed of persons who have found it more lucrative to live by talking, which asked him to order entirely different things to become equal to one another at once, or take the consequences. Of the two deputations, the first was the more easily disposed of. The Government has undertaken to send a competent person to the United States to talk about bimetallism. With this assurance the deputation

retired. It is one of the advantages of bimetallism that it seems to offer an inexhaustible store of matter to talk about.

The Labour Deputation was not so easily managed. It came to Lord SALISBURY to do something to forward the limitation of the working-day to eight hours by legislation. This question of the eight-hours day has now become one which it would be almost indecent, as well as rather cowardly in a Prime Minister to turn off with convenient official platitudes, even when it is pressed on him by a deputation of persons for whom he cannot personally entertain the slightest respect. It is highly desirable that there should be a decisive statement of his own view on the part of the Conservative leader—desirable for the sake of the more rational workman who may listen when statesmen of standing take the trouble of talking sense to him, and not less, perhaps, for the guidance of political “pigs of ‘sensibility” on the Ministerial side who are just at present sniffing the wind to scent their pabulum of votes. The pig of sensibility is very likely to make trouble unless he is warned that he is not to begin grubbing for certain kinds of votes. Lord SALISBURY and Mr. BALFOUR were probably under no delusion as to the hopelessness of all efforts to influence the members of the deputation themselves. The cry of “We ‘will risk it’” which was drawn out by Lord SALISBURY’s remarks on the possible consequences of the “tremendous experiment” which the working class are supposed to be prepared to try was of itself enough to convince them, if they needed convincing. With brutal levity and selfishness of this order it is idle to argue, and the skins it fell on were too hard to feel Lord SALISBURY’s rebuke. Mr. SHIPTON gave another, and not inferior, proof of the intellectual calibre of the noisy class to which he belongs—by which we do not mean the working class, by any means, but the pushing and puffing professionals who bear about the same relation to real workmen that the old-fashioned stage Irishman did to a Kerry farmer. “He could,” so he condescended to say, “assure his ‘Lordship that they had considered the economic ‘question, and fought out all the arguments.’” The fatuity of ignorance is as safe from reasoning as mere brutal selfishness. If the deputation alone had been in question, ridicule or expulsion would have been the natural resources. But the circumstances did not permit their use, and Ministers very properly took the opportunity to address, by means of the papers, a more creditable audience than the handful of penny-gaff working-men actually before them.

As we are firmly convinced that the working-man is by no means so great a fool as the noisy creatures who have elected themselves into his representation manifestly consider him, we are not without hope that he will listen to the good sense Lord SALISBURY and Mr. BALFOUR talked to him. To a very great extent they are preaching to the converted. It is notorious that a very large portion of the working class never has believed in the eight-hours day. But there are undoubtedly many who have been persuaded by the confident assertions and the fallacies of the persons who call themselves Labour leaders. We are the less surprised that this should be the case because political speakers in both the great parties have hitherto abstained from dealing with the subject—for reasons which may, perhaps, have something to do with the question of votes. Among these converts there is, possibly, a proportion which, if they are not merely fobbed off with postcards, but talked to as men whom it is desirable to persuade, and whom it is possible to credit with the possession of human reason, will listen. When the PRIME MINISTER and the Leader of the House of Commons point out to him the folly of supposing that kinds of work which vary infinitely in their nature can ever be subjected to one uniform hard-and-

fast rule, when they remind him that the working class is not unanimous, and that, if it were, it is not the whole nation, that it cannot hope to have its own way unchecked, that out of conflict between it and others there would come disturbance which might have disastrous effects on the industry of the nation, and by which the workmen themselves would be the first and the greatest sufferers, it is just possible that he may realize the full folly of the nonsense talked in his name. Even if he does not, Lord SALISBURY and Mr. BALFOUR did well to give the converted clearly expressed reason for the faith that is in them. As for the others, if they persist, they must simply be faced as they have been in Victoria, and when it comes to the actual trial, it will no doubt be found, to the relief of some timidous persons and the surprise of the political pig of sensibility, that the “workman’s vote” was no more worth truckling for in England than it was in Australia.

TWO LAND QUESTIONS.

THE Scotch members and candidates who formed the deputation that waited on Mr. BALFOUR last Wednesday may be congratulated on having so promptly supplied the antidote to Mr. CALDWELL’s bane. That eminent person had the night before taken up the cause of the Scotch Crofters, and invited Parliament to assist them by extending the provisions of the Crofters Act to leaseholders by giving powers to the Commissioners to enlarge holdings, and generally by administering to them another dose of Irish Gladstonian legislation; and him had Dr. CLARK, Mr. J. B. BALFOUR (facing about upon the Lord Advocate of 1886), and Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN (facing about upon one of the many Sir GEORGES to whom he has accustomed us during the last half-dozen years) energetically supported. The Resolution was rejected by 152 votes against 113, and the debate, on an amendment proposing, not to extend the provisions of the Crofters Act to Dr. CLARK’s clients, but to give them a little Land Purchase Act of their own, stood adjourned; not, however, until after Mr. BALFOUR had expressed a general approval, which he repeated on the following day to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his deputation, of this last-mentioned proposal. It is, undoubtedly, much to be preferred, on grounds of honesty, to any further cutting and carving, in the name of philanthropy, at the Scotch landlords’ interest; but, that it is an advisable plan on its own merits, and that the Crofters are the fittest subjects in the world for a re-trial of an Irish experiment, the beneficial results of which have not yet quite unmistakably declared themselves, we are not so sure. At any rate, there is a more excellent way—the way, to wit, in which a certain portion of the agricultural area of Ireland is being dealt with under the Congested Districts Act; and we are glad to see that, though land purchase, and the “benefits of Irish land legislation,” were, indeed, referred to in the prayer of the deputation, it was not on these remedial measures, but on those others to which reference has just been made, that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his fellow-spokesmen laid the greater stress.

Meanwhile, we are not certain that Scotch members of the type of Mr. CALDWELL and Dr. CLARK are not better employed in moving inadmissible abstract resolutions about Scotch Crofters on Tuesday evenings than in meddling and muddling in Committee on an English Bill at the morning sitting. The Small Holdings Bill is making pretty fair progress; but it would have made fairer progress still if Dr. CLARK had not been so anxious to clear his own ideas as to the economic conditions of land tenure at the expense of the House of Commons. Land, said this legislator, flushed with his mastery of an elementary treatise on political economy, is subject to two rents—a rent produced by the application of

human labour and capital, and a natural or economic rent arising out of the inherent qualities. This economic rent he proposed to "nationalize," and his idea of nationalizing it is to move an amendment providing that it shall not be taken into account by the local authorities in selling small holdings to a labourer, but not providing against its being taken into account in acquiring the land from the original proprietor. That is to say, Dr. CLARK proposes that the locality shall purchase an interest in land for the purpose of extinguishing it by deducting its value on resale of the land to another holder, and that the ratepayers who defray the cost of this droll transaction are to be consoled by the assurance that the extinguished interest has been "nationalized"; or, in other words, that the "economic rent," which has simply been made a present of to the small holder, still remains in some mysterious way in the possession of the nation. And this he defends on the extraordinary ground that that element of value which is thus to be handed over free gratis for nothing to a specific individual—to wit, the small holder—"ought not to be the property of any "particular man." The singularity of this method of nationalizing the natural value of the soil was pointed out to the member for Caithness by one of his fellow-countrymen, Mr. DONALD CRAUFORD, and even Mr. STOREY and Mr. ESSLEMONT expressed a hope that their hon. friend would not press his amendment. But their hon. friend was determined to press his amendment, for the exquisite reason that he wanted to ascertain the views of members on the question of economic rent. A division was accordingly taken, with the result of showing that only 42 members thought that Dr. CLARK was not talking nonsense, while 329 were of opinion that he was. We thoroughly concur in their conclusion, but we cannot bring ourselves to believe that it required to be so solemnly affirmed.

CHINWAG.

THREE is a species of human speech which is, or perhaps was, since slang has its day and its fashion, called "chinwag" in a midshipman's mess. The remote origin of the term may have been Chinese, or even Russian. In use, it meant idle and incoherent talk, and particularly bumptious idle and incoherent talk. There are, of course, good and sufficient equivalents in common daily use on shore; but custom has caused them to have a somewhat offensive sound. Now, we do not want to be other than scrupulously polite to Lord ROSEBERY, and yet it is so exceedingly difficult to find any word which can be used, both accurately and civilly, of his address to the Gladstonians of Edinburgh, that we shall employ chinwag, with the explanation that it is taken because of its descriptive merits solely. As a rule, it would be ill enough applied to Lord ROSEBERY's addresses; but the harangue delivered at Edinburgh has no trace of the speaker's usual style, except in one passage. In this, indeed, Lord ROSEBERY indulged in some excellent ironical remarks on the Gladstonian Radical love of a lord, under cover of well-aped humility. The jest might have been dangerous with less earnest hearers; but the Edinburgh Gladstonians never saw that they were being laughed at. To mock your hearer to his face in a manner which is palpable to all onlookers, but fools him successfully to the top of his bent, is a favourite amusement of the joker. The credit to be gained by doing it must depend on the acuteness of the victim; for when the trick is played on a very dense person, it is too easy for honour.

After this preliminary gambol for his own amusement, Lord ROSEBERY settled himself down to chinwag pure and simple—mere rattling assertion and see-saw. No

doubt there was a rattle very agreeable to his audience in the severe condemnation of Mr. BALFOUR's speech at Manchester. It was nice for the audience to hear that Mr. BALFOUR "showed a fundamental and absolute ignorance of every rule of English jurisprudence and every idea of British liberty." Fundamental and absolute, jurisprudence, and idea of liberty are brave words; but what do they mean? and how much easier is it to make these assertions than to prove them! At Edinburgh the ears of the groundlings were not open to argument; but when this kind of talk is read in print it moves one to melancholy thoughts concerning the future of the only Gladstonian peer of brains. Our estimate of his probable future is not made more cheerful when he is heard saying that the "Irish question, except in details, is as much settled as Magna Charta." Was Lord ROSEBERY laughing at his hearers again? One would think so, if it were not that the tone of his speech makes that supposition nearly incredible. Magna Charta is good, and may be implicitly relied on to draw a cheer; but even Magna Charta cannot save that amazing clause about the "details." The Irish question is settled—all except the nature of the settlement, the possibility of making it, and the proof that it will be accepted by any of the parties concerned. Putting these trifling matters aside, the Gladstonians may consider the Irish question settled, and may go on to make experiments having for their object the attempt to satisfy the rising demands of the democracy, and the discovery of how far they can be satisfied. Nor is that all; for it is clear to Lord ROSEBERY that it will first be necessary to discover what it is that the democracy actually does want. Old-fashioned people might think that this was a reason for proceeding with some caution; but not so Lord ROSEBERY. Whoever else may shrink from the risk, he at least is thoroughly democratic, and ready for the experiments. The new constituents are formulating their demands, and they will have something. "Kaiser 'am I, and I will eat the dumplings," said an Emperor of Austria to his doctor, who represented that the food was indigestible. Lord ROSEBERY is not the doctor to check the appetite of his master. Democracy shall eat all the experiments it likes. Indeed, he is so good-natured a physician that he is beginning to regard the diet with absolute approval. On his way North from the County Council he saw "in the clear skies and smokeless chimneys of Durham another instance of another great experiment in the relations between capital and labour." Whether Lord ROSEBERY, in his mind's eye, saw the bitter suffering which this experiment has brought on thousands of men who are not directly concerned in the dispute, and on tens of thousands of women and children, he did not say. It was an experiment, and a type of what must be done when the demands of the democracy are complied with, in the way of experimental legislation, "till these questions are ripe for 'solution'."

But really, after all, was Lord ROSEBERY serious when he talked like this? He has passed for a clever man and an honest one. If he was clever in this speech, it was because he was insinuating to his party that they are engaged in a mischievous course. If he was honest, it was because he was taking the tone and acting on the principles of the mere machine politician. A more ignoble confession of the demagogue's faith was never heard, if Lord ROSEBERY is sincere in saying that the interests of the whole nation must be made matter for ignorant experiment whenever the new constituents demand it. He makes no insolent pretence to opinions of his own or to knowledge, as giving him a right to lead. He is at the orders of the democracy, and will be too much honoured by the commission to carry the slippers of the new Sultan.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

WHEN a man anticipates that he will have to face a storm, if he has any pretence to prudence he is apt to look up his mackintosh and umbrella to see what are his chances of coming through the tempest with a dry skin. Obviously whether he attains that desirable end or not depends on the efficiency of mackintosh and umbrella. The storm of the general election is in the air. Whether the political Jupiter will hold his bolts in his hand until it may please him to loose them on an expectant electorate, or whether the heavy artillery of that curious mass of incongruity called "the Opposition" will cause the storm cloud to burst somewhat prematurely, who can say? Meanwhile, what is the condition of the party waterproofs? Are we likely to keep a dry skin, or shall we be soaked through and through, and, like the "boy that held the basin" in the song of our schoolboy days, be "carried away in the flood"? No doubt, the chief interest in the election will centre round the Metropolis; therefore we will consider the situation in London only.

Much uncertainty exists as to the future representation of many metropolitan constituencies now sending a member to the Conservative benches, and after the result of the recent County Council election for London, the Radicals will, of course, use their utmost endeavours to return their candidates, if only in hopes that the many impossible promises then so lavishly made, and so plausible to the unthinking ear—especially when that ear, unlike that of the proverbial adder, is anxious to listen to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so foolishly—may be made possible by the socialistic legislation of a Gladstone-cum-Harcourt-cum-Labouchere-cum-Cuninghame-Graham Administration.

Now the Moderates were beaten, and badly beaten, all along the line at that election; but we see no reason to rush into a shrieking panic over the defeat, and at once make up our minds to a similar Parliamentary reverse, although, of course, we recognize that the County Council election was, generally, run on party lines. Many reasons for that defeat are urged by those who are supposed to be well informed on such matters—such, for instance, as the practical disfranchisement of small tradesmen by reason of the election taking place on a Saturday, attractive "program" of the Progressists and absence of any programme of the Moderates, the very superiority of the name "Progressist" as compared with "Moderate," the crass apathy of Conservative voters, &c. &c.—and though each of these reasons alone may not satisfy our cravings for a satisfactory cause, there is a good deal to be said for each and all combined. But let us remember that the issues at stake in a Parliamentary election are very different from those at a County Council election. In the former case they are Imperial, and affect the position of our country among the nations; in the latter they are local, and savour of Bumbledom. This distinction should be kept prominently before the metropolitan electorate; but, at the same time, the "Bumbledom" arguments of the adversary will have to be met. Not that there is any great difficulty in showing the fallacy of those arguments, but it will not suffice merely to ignore them. How are we prepared to carry on the campaign? What are our forces worth as a fighting machine? An army on paper looks most excellent from a theoretical point of view; no detail is wanting from the general to the gravedigger; but, when put to the practical test of hard, uncompromising warfare, theories are apt to evanesce into thin air, especially if the enemy won't play the game according to the rules drafted by ourselves. We are by no means inclined to take a pessimist's view of the party organization in London; but, on the other hand, we are not prepared to cry "peace when there is no peace." There is not a constituency in London which is not "organized" on paper—and many, very many, are organized in fact. With the latter we are not concerned; but the former, what are they going to do as practical Conservative politicians? It is in such constituencies that the apathy, so clearly evinced in the County Council election, will again obtrude itself, if steps be not taken to dispel it. Why does this apathy exist? Well, it is not unfortunately bred in the Conservative bone to be aggressive, as undoubtedly it is in the Radical constitution; and there is a tendency among Conservatives to carry their belief in the proper recognition of constituted authority just a trifle too far, and to lead themselves to think that everything necessary will be done by "the Association," "the party"—anybody, in fact—an abstraction, without appre-

ciating the fact that they, as individuals combined, are the "party." Centralization of work often is good—power is frequently wasted for the want of it—but how in the world, in the name of anything that was ever organized, can a central body carry out details of organization in a constituency, much less throughout the whole country?

There is a distinct and pronounced tendency among Conservatives to "lean"—lean on anybody or anything except themselves. Take the question of "Registration." "Register, register, register!" of course. Yes, and excellent advice too; but the speaker meant that each man should himself take the pains to see that he was registered, not that the unfortunate Registration Agent should alone "register." Ten or twelve years ago the mysteries of registration law were known to but few; now, thanks to the spirit of organization, which has inspired many zealous workers, the general principles pervading those mysteries, startling and inconsistent as they are, are much more generally understood; but still individuals take but little trouble to look after themselves. How many newcomers in a constituency ever take the trouble to find out the local Registration Association? They won't walk across the road to secure their votes; but when the polling day arrives, and they find themselves rejected at the polling-station, the atmosphere of the adjacent committee-room is, to put it mildly, rendered a trifle thick by reason of the language poured out by the rejected apathist on the devoted heads of the workers. We know perfectly well that many Conservative associations in London exist only on paper, and their organization is a myth. Well, why is this? Because, as in registration, electors will not take the trouble to make such associations a reality. Every man thinks that the work ought to be done, and speaks strongly on the necessity of its being done, but it does not occur to him that he has a share in the responsibility of seeing that it is done. All this applies equally to election work. The few work; the many criticize, if not abuse. So far we have discussed the individual, but now, how about the official? By "official" we mean all who hold office in an association. All mean well, and many work well, but each knows what his association is really worth. If it be strong and well organized, as we know is the case in many constituencies, good; but if not, as is also the case, what amount of responsibility is there not on the shoulders of those who knowingly allow things to slide? There is no excuse for them. The old motto, "Semper paratus," ought to be earned by every association, and the right to continue its use ought to be maintained. Dwellers in a fool's paradise are still fools, though no doubt satisfied and happy according to their foolish lights. Still there are some fools who know they are foolish, and therefore are wise enough to take steps to mitigate their folly.

There is another phase in political organization to which we must refer—namely, the thirst for meetings. It seems to be a dogma of the faith of an average Conservative that it is essential for the political salvation of his constituency that the Prime Minister, or at least a Cabinet Minister, must speak in that average Conservative's constituency at least once a year. It may be that a better speaker than some Cabinet Ministers will be readily available; but it's no use—the less proficient Cabinet Minister alone can "draw." Isn't this distinctly weak? And don't we somewhat overrate the necessity of these everlasting meetings? We are speaking now of meetings of the "Demonstration" class. Do they tend to the conversion of opponents? We doubt it. Did any one ever directly trace to such a meeting the conversion of a man who had not to all intents and purposes previously made up his mind to be converted? We do not think so. Well, then, what is their use? Generally two-fold; first, to encourage our own adherents; secondly, to give an opportunity to a politician of position in the party to speak to the country at large by means of the press. To exclude the press from such meetings would be an egregious tactical error, even if the meeting merely be held for the first purpose suggested; for many more adherents than those present are encouraged through the medium of the press. We wish to estimate these meetings at their proper value, and we quite recognize the difficulty that a member of a Government must experience in framing his speech for such occasions; but at the same time we do most strongly urge upon the serious consideration of the Government this question of meetings to be addressed by Cabinet Ministers. We also appreciate the difficulty which Ministers must experience in finding the necessary time for attending

meetings; but the encouragement of workers is a very important consideration, and if they, rightly or wrongly, thirst for the words of a representative of the Cabinet, the Cabinet should most certainly, so far as possible, quench that thirst by a flow of eloquence. There are, also, meetings of another kind—small meetings for discussion, organization, mutual education, &c., not "Demonstration." These meetings ought to be held as frequently as possible, and members and candidates should make a point of attending them. The importance of these cannot be overestimated. They afford the opportunity for practical deliberation, the outcome of which should be equally practical. Whether they are a success or not again depends upon individual Conservatives themselves. Officialdom, Executive Committees and Councils can only provide means of meeting—they cannot compel attendance—and until the individual recognizes his political responsibilities the efficacy of such meetings must be seriously impaired, if not rendered nugatory.

Again, what political influence have our local Conservative Clubs, and what practical political work do they? Some fulfil the objects of their existence, afford solid assistance and support to the association in their constituency, and even, in some cases, can take its place; but have we not heard of some which are rather temples of conviviality, histrionic and musical art—very good things in their way—than training schools for politicians? If so, let them put their houses in order, and make themselves the useful auxiliaries of the Conservative army which they can be and ought to be. Once more the "individual" must do his work. These lines will be read by many Conservatives. What have they done to further the principles they profess, aye, and hold most dear?

THE CHEYLESMORE LANDSEERS.

THE late Lord Cheylesmore was a friend of Landseer in his days of decline, and an ardent admirer of his work. The great artist both painted pictures for him and occasionally presented him with one. On the back of a sketch of a Skye Terrier in this sale, made for the set of etchings entitled "The Warren," in 1826, Landseer wrote in chalk, "Given to my dear friend Eaton." In addition to such minor examples, Lord Cheylesmore was understood to have gathered a large and representative collection of Landseer's finished pictures, the chief of them being the famous "Monarch of the Glen," in some respects the greatest of all the painter's works, which was added in 1884. On the whole, however, the predominant feeling when the collection was on view last week was one of disappointment. Lord Cheylesmore was perhaps too late in the field; but the capital examples were few, and a considerable number were of a kind which, for the sake of the artist's reputation, most of his admirers would have gladly seen destroyed. All were, however, submitted to the hammer of the auctioneer at Christie's on Saturday, together with some other pictures of more or less importance.

The finished pictures comprised, besides the "Monarch" just mentioned, about half a dozen of real value; but bidding was slow, and the interest of the public had evidently not been greatly aroused. "Lady Godiva's Prayer" was the first. It was painted before 1866, in which year it appeared in the exhibition of the Royal Academy. Returned to the artist unsold, it remained in his studio till his death. Meanwhile he appears to have been dissatisfied with Lady Godiva's face, and to have worked at it, but not in a very satisfactory manner. In 1874 it was put up at Christie's with the rest of the remaining pictures and sketches, and was bought by Lord Cheylesmore, then Mr. Eaton, for 3,360 guineas. It was sold on Saturday for 900.

Next came the "Monarch of the Glen." This picture, almost square in shape, was intended by Landseer to fill a panel in the Refreshment Room of the House of Lords, in 1851, the modest price asked being 300 guineas. This tremendous sum the House of Commons, in a fit of economy induced by Mr. Joseph Hume, refused; and the picture, after being exhibited in the Royal Academy, came home unsold. Subsequently Lord Londesborough paid 900 guineas for it, and Messrs. Graves gave Sir Edwin 500 guineas more for the copyright. It passed, after Lord Londesborough's death, to his widow, who became Lady Otho Fitzgerald. At Lord Otho's death it was bought

by Lord Cheylesmore for 6,510*l.* This high price was now exceeded, and a dealer has become the possessor at 7,245*l.* The next two pictures were of comparatively little interest. "The Highland Cabin," a confused scene—not, perhaps, in the best possible preservation—went for 450 guineas, and the gigantic and empty canvas, "The Lion and the Lamb," for 950. Much more pleasing was "On Trust," the well-known portrait of the Duchess of Teck, as a child, recently exhibited at the New Gallery. This was cheap at 850 guineas, as was a less-known picture, "No more hunting till the weather breaks," at 700. "The Sin Offering," a goat tied on a lighted altar, a highly disagreeable subject, excited little interest, and was knocked down at 525*l.* A dog on a table with a scattered pack of cards, unfinished, was named "The Trickster," and was sold for 63*l.* "The Sentinel," a dog at a church window, partly painted by H. Bright, went for 189*l.* It had cost Lord Cheylesmore 50*l.* 8*s.* in 1872. A beautiful study of a "Dead Grouse" was cheap enough at 315*l.* There were many unfinished studies which reached only moderate prices, except one, a full-length of "The Queen on Horseback," which enjoyed the distinction of being Landseer's last exhibited work. This picture, for which Her Majesty never sat, was engraved as it is by Thomas Landseer, and is well known. It was now sold for 577*l.* 10*s.* Two important works followed. One, "The Taming of the Shrew," was a portrait of Miss Gilbert, a famous lady horse-trainer of the last generation; she is leaning back against the prostrate body of a handsome bay mare, which she has succeeded in "Raney-fying." The face looked as if it had been painted in and out, otherwise this was a good example. It cost Lord Cheylesmore 1,501*l.* 10*s.* in 1866, and now sold for 1,207*l.* 10*s.* The "Flood in the Highlands," a disagreeable subject, and, apparently, in a poor state, fetched 1,680*l.*

There were a few pictures by other artists, but only one of first-rate importance. This was "The Execution of Lady Jane Grey," by Paul Delaroche. Some of us remember when there was a modern mock-Norman staircase at the Tower of London, which led from the long shed, called the Horse Armoury, up to the crypt of the chapel, called Queen Elizabeth's Armoury. Lady Jane is represented as kneeling at the head of this staircase blindfolded, and groping for the block. The picture was said to have cost Lord Cheylesmore about 5,000*l.* in the San Donato sale. Apart from the historical inaccuracy—for Lady Jane was probably never in the White Tower in her life, and was certainly beheaded on the Green in front of St. Peter's Chapel—this is a picture few would care to possess. It now sold for 1,575*l.* "Cromer Sands," by Collins, which cost 4,000*l.* in 1873, was knocked down at 2,100 guineas, and a fine Stanfield, "St. Michael's Mount," at 3,000. There were seven pictures by Mr. Goodall, of Egyptian life, all marred by the impossible colours of the costumes, and sold at from 35 to 110 guineas, but one, "Rebecca at the Well," reached 880.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE failure of the American attempt to rehabilitate silver, and the consequent disorganization of the trade with the silver-using countries, have stirred up the bimetallists once more. For some years they appeared to have given up their agitation in despair, but now they seem to think their prospects more hopeful. Last week they carried a resolution in the Manchester Chamber of Commerce affirming that the violent fluctuations in silver have for a long time depressed trade, and urging upon the Government to promote an international agreement for securing a stable par of exchange between gold and silver moneys. They have also re-established the London branch of the Bimetallic League, and this week they have sent a deputation to wait upon the Prime Minister, the First Lord of the Treasury, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer to urge upon them the peculiar views of the League. There is not the least probability that the agitation will have any success; but it may be well, all the same, to point out the fallacies upon which it is based. In the first place, it is not true that trade has been in a very unsatisfactory state for a long time. There have been ups and downs in trade since the depreciation of silver began, as there were before, and as there will be after; but trade, taking the whole period all the world over, has been exceedingly good, and

the prosperity of the world has been constantly increasing. What is true is that the prices of commodities are very much lower now than they were before the depreciation of silver began. But low prices are a benefit and not a misfortune. Of course while the fall in prices is going on loss is inflicted upon producers, but after it has taken place trade adapts itself to the new conditions, and consumers—that is, the whole population of the world—are greatly benefited. During the twenty years or thereabouts that the depreciation of silver has lasted wages have been fairly well maintained. In some industries they have fallen, in others they have risen; and, setting the one change against the other, it may be said broadly that wages have kept up. But prices are very much lower than they were twenty years ago, and consequently the wages of the working classes secure for them more of the comforts and necessities of life than they did twenty years ago. Surely that is a blessing, and not a curse. So, again, all persons in receipt of fixed incomes—all the professional classes, all the people, in short, of small means—are immensely benefited by low prices, and nobody suffers except the few who had entered into long engagements when prices were high, on the assumption that prices would remain so. Even if we could, then, it would be the height of folly to attempt to raise prices. But we could not do it if we would; for the capitalist classes throughout the great countries of the world have made up their minds that gold is a better standard of value than silver, and that gold therefore is in the future to be alone international money. If it pleases the bimetallists to say that the capitalists of the world are wrong, they have a perfect right to their opinion; but, if they ask the Governments of the world to coerce the capitalists into giving up their opinion, and adopt the opinion of the bimetallists, they might just as well cry for the moon. The Governments will not attempt anything so wild, and if they tried they would certainly fail. A Parliament or a despot may refuse to enforce a contract specifying that payment is to be made in gold, and in gold alone; but the only result will be that the capitalists, having the capital of the world in their hands, will refuse to accommodate borrowers, and borrowers immediately will suffer; while subsequently the whole world will suffer, owing to the falling off in production. The capitalists have the power, and it is useless to pretend that they can be hindered from using it. For the rest, we would point out, firstly, that this country has for generations been lending immense sums of money to all the rest of the world, on the express condition that it is to be repaid in gold. Would it not be folly to adopt an agreement which would enable our debtors to pay us in silver? If any Government was mad enough to think of doing so, would not investors all over the country rise in anger against the proposal? And, further, we may point out that, if we were simple enough to enter into an international agreement having such effect, is it not probable that other countries would treat our silver treaty as they have treated commercial treaties in the past, and denounce it at the first favourable opportunity?

The money market is quieter than ever this week. During the week ended Wednesday night the Bank of England received nearly half a million of gold from abroad, and more is coming. Loans are being made by the banks occasionally at $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the day, and for a week at $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; and, further, the banks are unwilling to take fresh deposits. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that investment is becoming very large.

The silver market is very quiet, the price fluctuating between $39\frac{1}{2}$ d. and 40d. per oz.; and it will continue so unless the consent of our Government to be represented at an International Conference should give courage to speculators. That would be unfortunate; for the one thing desirable is that as soon as possible the real value of silver should be ascertained.

Owing to the extreme cheapness of money, investment is going on just now on a larger scale than has been seen for the past two years. Consols have touched 98, the highest price since May 1890, and they are likely to go higher; and all sound investment stocks—Debenture, Guaranteed, Preference, Colonial, Indian Sterling, and the like—are decidedly advancing. There is a strong demand likewise for good American railroad bonds; but the greatest buying of all has been in Argentine securities, in which speculation is once more springing up. As Argentine securities have again clearly come into favour, we would warn our readers to exercise due caution. The economic condition of Argen-

tina has beyond all question improved very greatly. During the first three months of this year the Customs receipts were over twice as much as in the corresponding period of last year, showing a great increase in the purchasing power of the country. The railway traffic returns, too, are augmenting very satisfactorily, and the premium on gold is falling; it was as low on Wednesday as 220 per cent.—lower, that is to say, than for twelve months previously. Owing to all this, it is clear that, if politics do not become disturbing, industrial securities of all kinds, and especially railway stocks, must improve in value. As trade gets better the receipts of the railway Companies will augment, and at the same time the paper money in which those receipts are paid will exchange for a larger amount of gold. Railway earnings, therefore, will improve in two ways, and there is every reasonable probability, consequently, that the investor who buys now will do well. But, of course, he ought to bear in mind that for some years before the Baring crisis new railways were built in unsettled territories, and that it must be some years more before population will grow sufficiently to make them remunerative. Furthermore, competitive lines were built, taking away traffic from older lines and leading to wars of rates. But there are other Companies which are well managed, and which serve prosperous districts, and those are sure to improve every month that goes on. The investor should be careful, therefore, to ascertain the present condition and the future prospects of the Company whose securities he desires to buy. The Government bonds, whether National, Provincial, or Municipal, are altogether different. The saving classes should bear in mind that they are purely speculative. Nobody knows what will be the character of the new Administration that will come into office next autumn, what compromise it will propose to the bondholders, or when the payment of interest in gold will be resumed. Therefore, it is impossible for even the best informed to guess what is the real value of any Argentine Government bond. The City assumes that the '86 loan will receive the full 5 per cent. interest in gold. It argues that Messrs. Morgan & Co. are the only house willing and able to finance the Republic in future, that the loan was brought out by them, and that they will insist upon the present arrangement being maintained—that is, full interest being paid in cash. The City may be right; but, on the other hand, the City may be wrong; for we do not know whether Messrs. Morgan & Co. will be willing to finance the Republic in future, and if they are not, the Argentine Government may adopt an entirely different plan. Our readers, then, should bear in mind that all kinds of Government bonds are speculative, whereas industrial securities have a real value, and if chosen with judgment are sure to give a better return by-and-bye, and to rise in capital value.

Consols closed on Thursday afternoon at $97\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$. Indian Sterling Three per Cent closed at 98, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; New South Wales Three and a Half per Cents closed at $96\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 1; New Zealand Three and a Half per Cents closed at $96\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; and Queensland Three and a Half per Cents closed at $94\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 1. In the Home Railway market, Great Western Ordinary closed at $163\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1; Lancashire and Yorkshire closed at $109\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 2; London and North-Western closed at 174 , a rise of $1\frac{1}{2}$; Midland closed at $159\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $1\frac{1}{2}$, and North-Eastern closed at $155\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $1\frac{1}{2}$. In the American market the changes have been undeserving of notice, but in the Argentine market there has been an extraordinary advance. Beginning with the railway department we find that Buenos Ayres and Pacific Seven per Cent. Preference stock closed on Thursday at $30-3$, a rise of 2; Central Argentine closed at $67-9$, a rise of 8; Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed at $74-6$, a rise of 11, and Buenos Ayres Great Southern closed at $132-4$, a rise of 9. Argentine Five per Cents of '86 closed at $94\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $6\frac{1}{2}$; the Funding Loan closed at $65\frac{1}{2}$, also a rise of $6\frac{1}{2}$; the Four and a Half closed at 39 , a rise of 2; and the National Cedulas, E series, closed at 28 , a rise of $2\frac{1}{2}$. In the foreign department Italian closed at $90\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $1\frac{1}{2}$; Portuguese closed at 29 , a rise of $1\frac{1}{2}$; and Spanish closed at $62\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $2\frac{1}{2}$.

THE INTERNATIONAL HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

SEEING that the International Horticultural Exhibition is not designed for mere amusement—though that also is a blessed purpose—its graver objects are, as they should be, placed in the foreground. All the requisites of gardening—except those grand essentials, knowledge, experience, and taste, which cannot be bought unfortunately—are represented in fifty-five classes. First, we have “houses” of every description, systems of glazing and ventilation and of heating—those who purpose to build will gain hints invaluable here. Group B includes instruments and tools, from lawn-mowers to snow-gauges; Group C may be described as details—tents, seats, ice-houses, &c.; D, ornamental iron-work; E, shadings, manures, fibres, mats, fumigating materials and processes, insecticides—amateurs, orchid-growers in especial, who see in thrips and scale and mealy-bug the profoundest evidence of an evil principle actually going up and down seeking what it may devour, will think that these latter classes should have a department to themselves. Group F comprises peats—a theme vastly more interesting *qu'un vain peuple pense*—fuel, and artificial manures; G, ferneries and rock-work of natural and manufactured stone; H, garden pottery; K, “new and patent inventions amongst garden requisites”; L, miscellaneous decorative objects; M, machinery for seed-cleaning, for extracting essential oils and perfumes, fruit-evaporators—an exhibition of this new device is particularly welcome—and pumps; N, flower, vegetable, agricultural, and grass-seeds; O, designs for laying out a typical estate of a hundred acres under certain conditions specified, designs for the improvement of grounds to private residences, garden scenes. It may be said that all the appliances for horticulture are on view, in the forms most approved. The theory will be treated in a series of lectures and demonstrations to be held daily.

But folks in general are not attracted by this sort of thing. They want to study one another under pleasant conditions—new, if possible—with some recognized amusement for a finish. All these are provided. At each entrance of the hall itself is a fountain, no marvel of hydraulic beauty, but fresh and cheerful, playing among rocks and ferns. Looking down from the steps it is a pretty scene. Those garlands which festoon the roof may represent no flower known to botany, nor colour recognized in Nature's scheme. Their material may be calico and their shape preposterous. But they give a jocund air to the long perspective which *à la rigueur* may “recall the famous floral festivities so common in Southern Europe” to some ingenuous soul. The parterres are real and bright enough. On either side of the avenue, which seems agreeably interminable, stand greenhouses snowy of paint and brilliant of glass, displays of high-coloured pottery and Oriental brass-work, stalls and stands of flowers. Some of the houses already make a pleasant show of bloom and foliage, and many of the vases set forth for sale bear a palm or a group of ferns planted in moss; when all is finished the avenue should be green throughout, with masses of flowers here and there. But the real attraction is still distant, glimmering on the northern horizon, as we may say. That end of the huge building has been transformed into a garden, and a very charming garden too. Half a dozen of our great London “growers” undertake to keep it as fresh and bright all through the season as it is now. Broad walks wind to right and left—so broad that even the “rush” of the opening day caused no inconvenient jostling. The walls are masked by canvas, painted to represent a tropical landscape; sufficiently well done, but far too close to real palms and flowers for illusion. It answers its purpose, however, in making an inoffensive background. All here is as pretty as it could be—excellently devised, and excellently carried out. Where the paths converge, towards the middle, Messrs. B. S. Williams have set, in the little lawn, a bed of *Azalea mollis* and *Clivia*—which we used to call *Imantophyllum*—positively dazzling in its blaze of colour. Messrs. Laing also, at the entrance, have encircled great araucarias with variegated maple, palms, lilies, and spirea to charming effect.

One class of visitor may be disappointed, he who has not failed to mark the promise of an Egyptian garden, with a temple “such as Pharaoh worshipped in with mystic rites”; a Roman garden, “reproduced with marvellous fidelity”; a Tudor garden, where “some baron of the

good old times and his retinue indulged in the gay pastime of chasing each other through the floral maze that has been reconstructed for the public amusement”; a modern Italian garden, “in which charming walks, giant shrubs, and elegant statuettes and vases form a fascinating combination of the beauties of art and nature”; a Jacobean garden, “taking us back to the time when an affected pastoral simplicity was associated with a systematic attempt to ‘improve’ nature.” Such was the promise—the performance is, in brief, such a daring and finished jest as Mr. Barnum never excelled. Probably it was unintentional—the best jokes are. When that programme was drawn up, the persons responsible may have hoped to carry it out. But they should have suppressed the page afterwards, though it demanded a sacrifice of the whole edition. Behold the “bit of ancient Egypt, the entrance thereto guarded by rows of sphinxes.” It is a small sample, perhaps twenty-five feet by forty. In the foreground some half-dozen plants of *Calla Ethiopica* appear; behind them a morsel of earth, about as large as a dinner-table, is set with rows of papyrus correctly aligned. Five or six little dates, and as many other palms, with six baby plantains, form the background. The plaster-sphinxes may well look glum. But the happiest touch is that “glimpse of the Nile”—a kidney-shaped tank which a brood of ducks would find inconveniently crowded. Yet there is some evidence of conscientiousness, which rounds off the fun. That little tank has actually been planted with *Nelumbium speciosum*, the renowned lotus, tenderest of aquatics, which will not live in the open for more than a few days at midsummer in this climate; and with *Nymphaea* almost as delicate. The Roman garden, with its “villa built after the style of the time of Pliny,” is not less humorous, however, and even more audacious. For we have, as everybody knows, a careful description of that pleasure. To enjoy the drollery here in its completeness, one should put the volume in one's pocket and compare its record of stately walks and arcades, wilderness, and rose-beds with this tiny parallelogram, about the size of a mechanic's front garden in the suburbs. Yet here, again, conscientiousness may be traced. Pliny does mention that his parterres were edged with box. So are these—the designer has even abused that hint, for half the space is planted with box. It would be spoiling sport to comment on the Italian, the Tudor, and the Jacobean examples; suffice it that they are not less diverting. Those who would enjoy them should make haste, perhaps. The Horticultural Exhibition has serious aims in view, as we have shown. Its managers seek also to amuse the public; but they may well be led to ask themselves, in no long time, whether these sights are not calculated to urge visitors beyond the limits of becoming mirth.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.

WE spoke generally of the Academy last Saturday, and chose advisedly an *artist* to illustrate the danger which besets painters of the newer schools. It would have been easy to find examples of the wide-awake tradesman who has perceived a spring novelty in the market, and has speedily acquired a commonplace trick of imitation. Mr. Hacker, however, shows us the beauties of his way of seeing things, even when he indicates the dangers. In the old phrase, his faults are but the defects of his qualities. The Pre-Raphaelite cultivated such an intimate nose-to-nose acquaintance with Nature that he never saw her whole face at once, and so never observed one of her expressions. He should have painted no more than an eye, a nose, or a wart at a time; for his pictures, to be true, should have dealt with things at short range and in a very narrow cone of sight. On the other hand, some of his grandsons, though they better understand the principles of making a picture, have lost interest even in these larger facts of Nature, which it should be the pride of their art to reveal. Therefore Mr. Clausen's picture wins a double welcome; for it is a beautiful canvas, and it accosts us with the very smile of Nature. “Mowers” (81) is one of those works which strengthen our faith in the art of to-day. We are apt to expect too much of our time, though we know that only a few out of many pictures were worth much at any epoch. Mr. Clausen has hovered no little time about the skirts of the success he has achieved this year. He has long been a student of Nature, now he

has discovered beauty; he has long admired Bastien Lepage, and now he has surpassed him except in the honour of founding a school. Not that this picture at all resembles the work of the Frenchman. In Mr. Clausen's picture the light wraps the figures and swamps detail; whereas even in Bastien's "Potato Gatherer" the evidence of light is weakened by many over-nice differences of tone. If we turn to Mr. La Thangue's "After the Gale" (977) we shall see that it suffers from a similar want of envelopment. Air is there, but the little differences of tone in the clothes prevent the figures from seeming flooded with light. Mr. Clausen's composition differentiates him from Bastien Lepage, and also from the Impressionists proper. His subject is taken from near at hand, and this may be a cause of the awkward foreshortening of the first mower's lower leg. Mr. Clausen's handling, which is freer than that of Bastien, and the general cut of the design, remind one of Millet, who first painted rural figures in this proportion and this relation to surroundings. Beside his work Mr. Clausen's might stand, not as a pastiche, but as a genuine expression of kindred feeling. Mr. Clausen employs no accepted medium of blue, and lays out no flat tints looking like distemper at so much a foot. His canvas is not affectedly empty, but designedly broad. A fairly good example of another school hangs in the same room. Mr. John da Costa's "Pastoral" (40) shows a girl standing amongst spiky growths in an orchard. The canvas is empty—perhaps, a little pretentiously empty—yet compared with Mr. Clausen's picture it is embarrassed in aspect. "The Mowers" is quite free from affectation. It shows a real love for the thing seen, in its profuse yet broad suggestion of detail; in the delicate yet true variety of the relief of the figure against the field; in the refined greys of the shadows on white; in the fresh luminous quality of the lights and shadows on figures and on the grass, both growing and cut. Mr. da Costa's "Pastoral" is reasoned rather than felt. When our century becomes historical, perhaps this picture will appear, with so many Italian arrangements of saints, nothing more than pretty well played according to the rules of the game.

In "Forging the Anchor" (287) one feels that the men are doing something else than posing for Mr. Stanhope Forbes. The quivering arm of the man just touching the anchor is most delicately expressed, and the mingled effect of cold daylight, fire, and local grime on bare arms has been studied with a true eye. This may be called a mere still-life quality; but the research of the effect of light is not pursued to the prejudice of other qualities, such as structure and action. Mr. Melton Fisher and Mr. Forbes bear a superficial resemblance to each other. Mr. Fisher is the more amusing, Mr. Forbes the more careful. This year Mr. Fisher has also dealt with a mixed illumination—figures beneath Chinese lamps in the foreground; in the distance, Venice and the sea seen through a luminous evening dimness. This "Summer's Night" (1023), gay, sprightly, and brilliantly handled, is less closely observed than "Forging the Anchor," and so appears perhaps larger than it need be. Mr. Morley Fletcher's "Shadow of Death" (690) shows a man of French appearance and a girl, probably English, bathed in woe. The facial expressions and general character are well noted, but at the expense of a definition of the features somewhat too marked for the conditions of lighting. The colour is simple and pleasant; the textures, as the plush, well rendered without being obtrusive. These pictures are hung in good places. Not so Mr. E. M. Hale's energetic canvas, "The Sea-Wolf's Hostage" (553). The keen salt air, the deserted coast, the bitter grey sea, so well suggested by his scheme of colour and handling, admirably accompany the wild brawls of a savage, hard life. Mr. Hitchcock's name, well known in Paris, is associated in England chiefly with reproductions of his "Tulip Culture." His "Scarecrow" (216), with its telling figure, suffers from the spottiness of the subject, and from a cold slaty colour, which possibly lightens up in a brighter light.

As every one knows that Mr. Orchardson is an artist, and very much of an artist, a little criticism will not be misunderstood. In trying to find a reason for the something wanting in his work, one may be excused for fancying it to lie in the small proportion of interest to the great amount of conventionality and style. It seems a question of feet and inches. One or two figures swim in a brown and yellow harmony. The Impressionist is often empty; but, although he is more natural in the quality of his

emptiness, even he dare not, we think, space these two sardines, as it were, so far apart in their box of oil. Nevertheless, we must say that "St. Helena" (173) is more dignified than the last of the series of marriage scenes. Napoleon's figure is full of character without caricature; but, though thrown up by it, he is also drowned by so much setting. It is a long journey for the eye to Las Casas, and during it one finds out that the room would look most unreal if it were empty; and this one should never discover. Mr. J. W. Waterhouse has deserted his post as the Academy realist. He offers this year a Burne-Jones and French mixture, strange, interesting, and beautiful in colour. "Circe Invidiosa" (20) seems the best and the most characteristic of this new attitude; but why admit reminiscences of past realism? In "The Gunpowder Plot" (311) Mr. Ernest Crofts, who for certain reasons should know better, is much to seek in accuracy as to the use of rapier and dagger. One of his combatants appears to hold the *main-gauche* with his thumb *on the blade* instead of on the hilt; and another grasps a rapier by the blade with his naked hand. For "show" and "illustration" purposes the "rapier" is wisely used only for thrusting purposes at this present day. But in its own day it was a very cutting weapon. Amongst very small canvases we cannot praise too highly the elegant vivacity of Mr. Ettore Tito's "Morning Toilet" (825), and the truthful force of Miss Nourse's "Babe in the Wood" (329). "Solitude" (874), by Mr. Strang, and "A Sussex Peasant" (792), by Mr. La Thangue, should also be noted.

The portraiture this year lacks a great source of excitement to which we have become accustomed. There is nothing by M. Carolus-Duran or his pupil Mr. Sargent. Other pupils of the master are represented, as Mr. E. M. Hale, Mr. Arthur Lemon, and Mr. Boutet de Monvel; and one portrait-painter, Mr. Beckwith, who sends a strong but rather dry likeness of Mark Twain (443). Although not called a portrait, we cannot pass "Distraction" (250), by the distinguished French painter and teacher, W. A. Bouguereau. In France he gets the censure we hear bestowed in England on the old Academician. It is therefore instructive of the attitude of the two countries towards art to see what they each mean by "bourgeois" and "the old game." To understand this look at the Bouguereau and think of the works of Messrs. Calderon, Godall, the late Edwin Long, &c. The largest portraits, and those which have something of the figure-picture about them, are "Portrait Group: a Board of Directors" (458), by Professor Herkomer; "Miss Julia Neilson" (210), by Mr. John Collier; and "Katherine and Esther, daughters of Lord McLaren" (181), by Mr. John Lavery. Professor Herkomer's Directors sit in flimsy brown surroundings, amidst which glass doors, windows, and poor pillars swim shakily and lead an irrational existence. This is not Impressionism, but coarse slovenliness, in which nothing tells with truth or elegance. The men's heads stand out from this chocolate stickiness as if they were lit by their own light, like fairy lamps. Mr. Collier's portrait is bold and magnificent; the striking colour recalls work by M. Carolus-Duran. A fine pose and sweeping modelling of the clothes make the figure and the attitude splendidly evident. Mr. Lavery's group offers a marked contrast, with its quietness of gesture, and its low, tranquil, yet original vein of colour. Though we cannot mention half of the good portraits, we must speak at length of Mr. Furse's work. His "Vice-Provost of King's College, Cambridge" (593), stands out from the excellently suggested background of books with intense vitality and conviction, yet without any vulgar exaggeration of relief. The head is full of character. Much of its charm, however, is due to a silvery unity of light and to the artistic degrees of definition accorded to all other parts of the picture. This work seems to us better and more original than Mr. Furse's small and jimp ladies in the New English Art Club. Mr. Whistler, when he paints a figure smaller than life, never makes it look mean or ridiculous. It appears full-sized and dignified, but removed into distance and gloom. Error in the force of definition or of colour, or in the quantity of detail, causes one to feel Mr. Furse's New English figures as near at hand and actually small. Those who remember Miss Bilinska's pastel of herself and Miss Dean's portrait of her in former Academies, will look with interest on "Portrait de l'Auteur" (502). It may here and there look hard, but we must pay for the admirable sincerity and unaffected force of Miss Bilinska's very remarkable work. There is fine work in portraiture

from Messrs. Tuke, Gotch, and Wrigman, who sends a small canvas, "Mrs. Edmund Gosse" (990), good in character, and of a cool and pleasant colouring. Mr. Ouless, in "Sir Donald Currie" (130), seems to have tried to soften the effect of his wiry and wooden delineation by using his paint with an occasional film and flick. The head only looks less solid than former ones. Mr. Luke Fildes seems to show little conviction. He was lately tentatively French in manner; this year, in "Mrs. Bibby" (418), he appears as a sort of chastened Ouless.

THE WEATHER.

WE have had another almost perfectly rainless week, but with bright, pleasant weather, in strong contrast to our recent experiences. Anticyclones have been hovering about us, only once, for a time, being central over these islands, on Sunday afternoon. The improvement in the weather came with the disappearance of the northerly winds on Saturday, May 7. The sky cleared and the sun came out, the temperature in London rising above 60° on that day, fully ten degrees higher than it had been for several days previously. On Monday, May 9, it rose as high as 70° at three stations—London, Cambridge, and Loughborough—and on Wednesday to 71° in London. On that day the temperature at the North Foreland and at Spurn Head was as much as 20° below that in London. With this midday warmth, however, the nights have been cold, and on Monday the range in London "in the shade" was no less than thirty-five degrees, from 70° to 35°; while "on the grass" there was a sharp frost. In other parts of the country the weather has also been warmer than of late, though the maxima have not reached 60° in many places. As yet there seems to be no indication that the icy saints, whose days fall on May 11, 12, and 13, will bring on their traditional hard frost in the present year. This phenomenon attracted much attention some years ago, when Professor Dove, of Berlin, collected information from all parts of the world, in order to test the grounds of the prevalent belief in Germany that on the days of the three *gestrenge Herren*—Mamers, Pancras, and Servatius—May 11, 12, and 13, frost would occur. The result was to show that, in northern Germany at least, there was usually a check in the regular seasonal rise of temperature in the middle of May, and that in Austria this check came a day later than in the north. We may, however, fairly think that in 1892 we have had check enough already, and may cherish a hope that we have not to fear a serious repetition of the experience. On the Continent, as well as in these islands, the weather has been more seasonable, though still far below its May average. On Wednesday 70° was surpassed at several stations.

The sun record has been above the average for the week. The Channel Islands head the list with upwards of 70 per cent. of possible duration, on the mean of the figures for Jersey to Guernsey. Next to these comes Douglas, Isle of Man, with 55 per cent., and then come Braemar, Berwickshire, and two Cornish stations with upwards of 50 per cent.

CONCERT RECORD.

TUESDAY, April 26th.—Herr Heinrich Lutter, a pupil of Liszt and Von Bülow, who had been already heard at an Invitation Concert in December last, gave a recital at St. James's Hall, at which he displayed considerable intelligence in the quieter parts of his programme. He was at his best in Liszt's "Bénédiction de Dieu dans la solitude"; but his executive powers are not very remarkable, though his tone is well graduated.

Wednesday, 27th.—Mme. Sophie Menter's unexpectedly broad and dignified rendering of Beethoven's E flat Concerto, and her wonderful playing of Liszt's transcription of the *Erlkönig*, were the most striking features of the third Philharmonic Concert. The programme included Raff's *Lenore* Symphony, Stanford's fine Prelude to *Oedipus Rex*, and Cornelius's Overture to the *Barber of Bagdad*. The vocalist was Mr. Plunket Greene, who sang one of the Monologues from *Die Meistersinger* and Parry's Anacreontic Ode with much effect.

Thursday, 28th.—At Mme. Frickenhaus's Recital the

concert-giver was admirably assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Norman Salmon, the latter of whom is a very able pianist, and by Signor Simonetti, who played Beethoven's Violin Romance in G, Sarasate's "Chanson Andalouse," and three pieces of his own, with his usual intelligence and artistic feeling.

Saturday, 30th.—The programme of the miscellaneous concert given for Mr. Percy Notcutt contained the names of many of the most distinguished singers in London, as well as of Miss Fanny Davies and Jean Gérard. Mme. Nordica was unable to appear, but in place of one of her songs Mr. Santley gave Gounod's "Nazareth," much to the satisfaction of the audience.

Tuesday, May 3rd.—Herr Willibald Richter gave a Recital, at which a terribly restless interpretation of Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata" was the most striking feature. In some numbers of Schumann's "Carnaval," and in Chopin's Nocturne in E (Op. 62, No. 2), and Polonaise in A flat, he was heard to greater advantage. In the evening Miss Mathilde Wurm, Miss Lensmann, and Herren Elderhorst and Bast gave the first of a series of three Chamber Music Concerts.

Wednesday, 4th.—At Miss Fanny Davies's Recital the pianist gave a refined, if not very vigorous, performance of Beethoven's Sonata in A flat, Op. 110, besides playing Schumann's "Papillons" and several shorter pieces. Miss Davies was assisted by Fräulein Wietrowitz, whose admirable playing was heard to the greatest advantage in Spohr's Dramatic Concerto and in Brahms's Sonata, Op. 78. She is by far the best female violinist who has been heard for some time; the breadth of her style recalls that of her master, Dr. Joachim, while at the same time her playing has a distinctly feminine individuality. *Royal Albert Hall.*—The winter season of the Royal Choral Society ended with a performance of *Elijah*, in which Mme. Albani made her reappearance after her American tour. An apology was made for the Canadian prima donna, who obviously had to force her voice at times. Mr. Watkin Mills's singing of the baritone music was correct, but lifeless. The other principal soloists were Mme. Belle Cole and Mr. Ben Davis, and a very favourable impression was created by Miss Jessie Rankin's intelligent singing of the *arioso*, "Woe unto them." The chorus, needless to say, was as admirable as usual.

Thursday, 5th.—Mr. Ernest Kiver, at his annual concert at Princes' Hall, introduced a very graceful song-cycle, "By the Willows," from the pen of Mr. Thomas Wingham—a work which is worth hearing again. Another novelty in the programme was a new String Quartet in D (Op. 211), by Carl Reinecke, which proved a fair example of the usual "Kapellmeister-Musik," to which description most of the composer's works belong. — At Steinway Hall Miss Florence Shee, an English soprano who was one of the Flower-Maidens in last year's performances of *Parzival* at Bayreuth, gave a miscellaneous concert, in which Messrs. Tomes, Plunket Greene, Tivadar Nachez, Mme. Belle Cole, and Miss Ethel Sharpe took part. Miss Shee was heard in songs of various schools; she has a good, but rather unsympathetic, voice, and her singing would be better if she could acquire a little distinction of style. Miss Ethel Sharpe played Chopin's Polonaise in A flat, and Mr. Plunket Greene was encored for his singing of a capital Irish song, "Biddy Aroo," which has been cleverly arranged for him by Mr. Fuller Maitland.

Friday, 6th.—The first of a series of six Schubert Recitals took place at St. James's Hall. The scheme of these concerts includes performances of most of Schubert's pianoforte music and many of his less known songs; but Sir Charles Hallé oddly began by omitting the first four Sonatas. Fräulein Fillunger sang with admirable art six songs, among which were the beautiful "Am See" and "Der Einsame."

Saturday, 7th.—Miss Elsie Lincoln, an American light soprano, gave a concert at Princes' Hall, assisted by Mme. de Pachmann and Messrs. Sieveking, Kosman, Oudin, and Braxton Smith. Miss Lincoln's voice is rather hard in quality, but her singing displayed intelligence.

Monday, 9th.—Otto Hegner, by far the most promising of recent child-pianists, made his reappearance at St. James's Hall, and showed that he is making very satisfactory progress. His playing of the "Sonata Appassionata" was restless and wanting in poetry, except in the slow movement; but his performance of Mendelssohn's "Variations Séries," and of shorter pieces by Liszt, Chopin, and Taussig, was full of brilliancy of execution, and displayed a

wonderful command over the key-board. A tendency towards excessive use of the pedal should be repressed, otherwise there is little fault to be found with the way in which the boy has been taught.

Tuesday, 10th.—Following the example of Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, Mr. and Mrs. Oudin gave a very interesting and agreeable Vocal Recital at Prince's Hall. Mr. Oudin's singing is so well known and appreciated that it requires no praise. If he would resist the temptation towards excessive expression and over-use of the *portamento*, his finished vocalization and refinement of style would entitle him to even higher rank than he now occupies as a concert-singer. Mrs. Oudin, who is less familiar to London audiences, created a very favourable impression. Though her voice is rather hard in quality, she has been admirably taught, and sings with a degree of intelligence which is most refreshing.—At St. James's Hall Herr Heinrich Lutter's second Recital did not reveal him in any more favourable light than in his appearance a fortnight ago. A careful performance of Beethoven's Sonata for Violin and Piano, Op. 96, in which he was joined by M. Sauret, was the most satisfactory number in the programme.

THE SCOTTISH UNIVERSITIES COMMISSION.

TWO or three hours of debate at midnight may seem hardly adequate, in themselves, to measures of such wide-reaching importance as the Ordinances of the Scottish Universities Commissioners. What the precise effect of those Ordinances will be nobody pretends to be able to foresee. They are of the nature of permissive legislation, and while they leave the old fixed curriculum as one of a variety of choices, so that things may go on very much as before, it is also true that they may revolutionize the whole course of higher education in Scotland. Yet two hours at midnight was all the time that the House of Commons could find for the consideration of objections to them, and everybody interested seems satisfied that it was enough. No voice has been raised in protest against this as an instance of neglect of Scotch business. Various reasons might be assigned for this remarkable contentment. For one thing, very little general interest in the matter would seem to have been taken even beyond the Tweed. For a people commonly supposed to be passionately concerned about education, the Scotch have shown themselves strangely apathetic about this transformation of their highest educational institutions. They have been content for the most part to leave it to the Commissioners. Very few even of the graduates have troubled themselves to attend meetings of Council where the drafts of the Ordinances were under consideration.

The secret of this apparent apathy is probably the secret also of the general contentment with the short midnight debate. It is that the Commissioners have, on the whole, given satisfaction. They have had a very delicate and difficult task entrusted to them, and if the results of their two years of labour have not been fiercely contested, it can only be because they have done what they were expected to do, and done it with great judgment and discretion. The amount of discontent in the country was reflected faithfully enough in the brief but energetic debate in the Commons, for which the way had been cleared earlier in the day in the Lords by a concession relative to the teaching of mathematics. The Professors of Mathematics being appealed by this concession, there remained only the principle of what is known as "Extramuralism" to be reckoned with. Mr. Haldane, who led the opposition, took as his chief ground of objection that the Commissioners had not given their sanction to extramural teaching in arts. This has long been a hotly debated question in Glasgow and Edinburgh, and the few English members who remained through the debate the other night listened respectfully while the battle was fought out between Mr. Haldane and Professor Jebb. "Extramural" teaching, it may be explained, means extra-professorial, and there was some dialectic force in Mr. Wallace's contention that in the English Universities we have the thing without the name, though the analogy is deprived of all real value by the difference in the circumstances. In the Scottish Universities no student can get a degree in arts without attending the lectures of the Professors. This attendance is part of his qualification, as College residence is part of the qualification for an English degree.

It has led in Glasgow and Edinburgh to the growth of huge professorial classes, too big, in certain subjects at least, for profitable teaching. The remedy for this, it is contended, is to be found in Extramuralism. Break down the monopoly of the Professors; introduce the principle of free competition; recognize the lectures of any competent teacher as qualifying for graduation equally with the lectures of the Professors, and their classes will soon shrink to manageable dimensions. It is a plausible enough contention, but the arguments on the other side were put with unanswerable force by Professor Jebb. In the absence of any collegiate system in Scotland, Extramuralism could have but one issue, the ultimate reduction of the University to the functions of a purely examining body, and the confinement of the higher instruction in Scotland more and more to the communication of examinable knowledge. The Commissioners have shown that they were not blind to the evils of overgrown classes. They recognize the grievance. But they meet it by a different remedy, simpler in itself and more in harmony with the traditions of the Scottish lecturing system. They propose, in effect, to give the governing bodies of the Universities power to deal with overgrown classes by increasing the intramural staff.

The rejection of the extramural principle was the chief ground on which Mr. Haldane moved that the Ordinances be sent back for reconsideration. The proposals of the Commissioners were carried by an overwhelming majority. But this represents only a small part of their triumph. The most striking proof of the judgment with which they have done their work is that it was only their proposed machinery of teaching that was subjected to criticism. The machinery of teaching is a simple matter compared with the reform which they were charged to effect in the subjects of graduation. It has long been felt that the curriculum obligatory on all candidates for the degree in arts was too narrow, and the burden of the work of the Commissioners was to devise a number of alternative curricula. Some laughter was caused in the House by the statement that under the new regulations there would be twenty-seven different ways of attaining to the dignity of a Scotch M.A. We understand that, in the opinion of competent mathematicians, twenty-seven times twenty-seven would be nearer the mark. The new regulations form a most intricate document which it will try the ingenuity of Boards of Studies to interpret, and from which the ingenious Scotch undergraduate is certain to set many difficult problems to his Professors. Here it is that the Commissioners have opened the door to many possibilities of change in the teaching of the Scotch Universities. It says much for their painstaking and discretion that on this, which is really the main part of their scheme, hardly any criticism was offered. Their elaborate system of options was accepted without challenge in principle. One of the members for Aberdeen, Mr. Hunter, took exception to a detail in one of the many alternative groups, and doubtless when the new system with all its intricacies comes into operation, unforeseen practical difficulties will occur, and modifications may have to be made to meet them. But among the excellent features of the Ordinances must be specially counted this one, that the Universities are left with ample powers to make such modifications when necessary. The Ordinances, in fact, are to a large extent experimental and enabling, constituting a system capable of indefinite expansion. The labours of the Commissioners are not yet over, but they must be congratulated so far on having accomplished a task of extreme difficulty with tact and common sense.

AT ALNWICK.

THE traveller on his journey North this week can hardly have failed to notice as he passed Newcastle and sped on to Berwick, that Northumberland was the richer by two things, both unusual—a blue sky, and a sun which did its best to show up bravely every flag and piece of scarlet bunting which town and village so lavishly displayed over wide districts of the country. Ingenuity and self-denial diversified and enlivened this display, and here and there the flagstaff had been run up through the household chimney, that the crescent of the Percy or the Union crosses might wave the higher and blazon the further the

kindly feeling of the gudeman of the house. Probably he was the more indifferent to the extinction of his kitchen fire from his consciousness that he was to banquet within the Castle walls, and that he would be enabled to raise his glass and drink long life to his host and his heirs.

But, though the signs of rejoicing were spread for miles over the country, they grew more lavish in quantity, more rich in design, as the steep grey-stoned town of Alnwick was approached; and the traveller who had the good fortune to enter it by road and drive under the old deep arch at the entrance of its main street, and who slowly passed along its rough stone-paved streets, through "the narrow gate," with its dark houses forming a sombre-tinted background—for the festive colouring spread on every wall and from each narrow deep-set window—must have felt that the warm northern hearts were beating in "true kindness to the house of Percy." All day long deputations of townsfolk, farmers, and tenants had been streaming through the streets to the Barbican gateway, which fronts directly on the town. The burghers came to mingle with their greeting the reminder that they were "freemen" by a charter of King John; and "the good town of Berwick" magnanimously forgot, in its greeting, that it had once been burned to the ground, and its inhabitants made almost a clean sweep of, by a Percy. And among the tenants were many who (tell it not in Gladstone) were proud to remind their hosts that they held lands of them, which had passed from father to son for generations uncounted, and one at least who could say that he occupied the same farm from which his forefather had gone out behind the Percies to the field of Flodden, and had resought to tell how his bow had been among "the English archers" which had laid so low "the flowers of the Forest." We could wish no severer punishment for the sucking politicians who introduce, and back with their names, fantastic and unworkable land-measures than to hear the opinions of such men on their schemes. More things than are dreamt of even in their philosophy would they learn from these strong descendants of Border raiders. And if the deep Northumbrian burr were "hard to understand," interpreters could be found, and we would charge them in no way to tone down the words in which their contempt for these gentlemen would be conveyed. Among other lessons they *might* learn—we speak with no assurance—that there are some instincts and affections which cannot be rooted out; that men know now what is the worth of a good and great landlord as they knew of old, when they built their town under the castle walls, the worth of a good and strong "Lord," and that these instincts of self-preservation are stronger than all the Blue-books, and are older and wiser than their would-be liberators.

It were not out of place here to tell a tale which, though not concerned with the lands we write of, has its locality not far south, and though we speak in a parable, those who run may read. Part of a large domain it was thought desirable to part with, and the agent of that property, who shall for the sake of brevity be called "Mr. She who must be obeyed," went down to arrange the sale. First a neighbouring large proprietor was asked if he would buy. "Willingly," was his answer. But, second thoughts suggested, here was an opportunity for "practical politics." So the estate was carved into three-acre lots, all very trim and desirable, and to the inhabitants the word was said, "Dilly, dilly, come and buy." "Not so," said the inhabitants; "let the large landowner near us buy the land; if we buy it we can't move about, which is our hindlike habit; he will keep the buildings in good repair, we will be his tenants." "Do not be slaves, be owners," said the agent; "prove my practical politics." But the slaves were obdurate, and the land was bought by the neighbouring landowner—at his own price. But to return "to our roast beef," the negotiations between the landlord and the tenants we write of were for the week that of wassail and good cheer. The Castle courts were roofed in, and resounded to the sound of knives and forks, and not, as in good old days, to the lowing of herds driven in from the Border, in a raid made to show that the heir had come to the estate of manhood; and no words were spoken except those of the warmest cordiality and affection between retainers and chief, or, if the words offend, landlord and tenant. But when the sun had sunk behind the Cheviots, and the primrose gloaming had faded out, and from the dark sprang the thousand fairy lights of the illuminated town, while the Castle walls were blazing in crimson and green fire-work beacon lights, against which the stone

warriors stood out black and rigid; if, at the smoky glare, the shepherd on the far hills, or the solitary farm hind, felt stirring within him some old hereditary instinct, to take up his weapon and hurry forth, as Hotspur rode out to harry the countryside, he would quiet it by remembering that the signal was one which only told that Lord Warkworth had come of age in a year of grace and peace.

RACING.

NEWMARKET ended, as it began, with bitterly cold weather. La Flèche continued her unbeaten career in the One Thousand Guineas, beating what we fancy was a weak opposition very easily; in fact, in a common canter. Her action in all paces is perfection, but we must confess that we were rather disappointed in her appearance. We thought that she had not grown or thickened out since last year as much as she might have done—perhaps we are wrong—but the action was there, the high quality and regular St. Simon stamp were unmistakable, and she won her race, as she has won every race she has run, in magnificent fashion. Of course, she is now a very hot favourite for the Derby. And now for a few words about Chester. This old-fashioned, unique course has a charm for us that we are not ashamed to admit. We do not say that, as things go nowadays, it is a good racecourse; but still it is always a cheery meeting, and if the racing is not very high class, there is a halo and a prestige about the Chester Cup that is peculiar; that its popularity is undiminished is evident from the vast crowds that witnessed the contest, of which more anon. Anything more extraordinary than the contrast in the weather from that at Newmarket last week can hardly be imagined. There we had a bitterly cold wind, but at Chester it was really hot. Choralist opened the ball by winning the Wynnstan Handicap for the Duke of Beaufort in easy fashion; which she was bound to do if she had any pretensions to be fancied—as, we believe, was the case—for the March Stakes at Newmarket. Colonel H. Forester, if he does happen to win a race, does so at Chester, and King Oak credited him with a Selling Plate. Lord Rosslyn's Hampton Rose won the Mostyn Stakes in good style from a good field of thirteen. The winner, a daughter of Hampton and Rose Wreath, is full of quality, and evidently inherits her sire's staying powers.

Wednesday was, again, a bright, warm, lovely day; and we think the attendance beat the record. It was computed that there must have been more than 120,000 people to view the race for the Chester Cup. Racing began with the Prince of Wales's Welter Handicap, with quite a miniature Stewards' Cup field, as thirteen faced the starter, and it must have been almost an agreeable surprise to that gentleman to get them off the first attempt. Mr. Vyner's Punter secured an easy victory from Sir Richard and Ballybay.

For the Chester Cup, owing to the withdrawal of Sedge Chat, nine runners made up the field. Odds were freely laid on Colorado, and of the others, Dare Devil was the only one backed with any spirit. The favourite broke a blood-vessel early in the race, and Dare Devil had it safe in hand some distance from home. Mr. Charles Perkins is a popular owner, especially in the North, and there was plenty of cheering at the result. The race was run at a clipping pace throughout, and even if Colorado had not been the victim of his mishap, it is quite on the cards that Dare Devil would have won in any case, as he looked trained to perfection. Silver Spur was second, but the old mare ran very jadily, and would not take hold of her bit. She should now be sent to the stud, as we fear she will never recover her best form.

The Kempton Park Company must be congratulated on the success which has attended their Jubilee Handicap since its institution. That two such public favourites as Bendigo and Minting should have won under their heavy burdens has done a great deal to make the Jubilee race take the hold on the public that it undoubtedly possesses. The Kempton Jubilee Course is one that cannot be called a very good one, as the bend in it must necessarily cause the element of luck to upset calculations. That we shall see a good field at the post on Saturday seems certain. Colonel North is a little out of luck at present, but will probably endeavour to win the race, as he did last year. Nunthorpe, his previous winner, will have to carry 9 st. 5 lbs., not

too heavy a burden for a horse that won with 9 st. last year, and if he proves the best from Sherwood's stable, he may win again. Windgall is said to have won a good trial at Kingsclere, and at the time of writing disputes favouritism with his last year's opponent, The Smew. Windgall is a very nice colt, and one that we fancy very much for this race. Euclid is such an honest horse and a stayer that he may have a very good chance of landing the big stake. Buccaneer has improved so much since last season, that, even with his 14 lbs. penalty for winning the City and Suburban, we hold his chance in great esteem. Lorette may run with her penalty for winning the March Stakes, and will run well too. But from the above remarks it will be seen that our fancy is for Windgall, Buccaneer, and Euclid, giving a slight preference to the first named.

REVIEWS.

THE SPANISH STORY OF THE ARMADA.*

M^R. FROUDE'S *Short Studies on Great Subjects* contain much excellent miscellaneous reading, but none of the volumes to which he has given that name will better fulfil the hopes of him who takes it up than will this collection of *Essays*. All the six are not of equal value. If we were speaking of a man of letters of less eminence, it might even be said that one of them has been "assumed into this honourable company, less to aid their enterprise than to make up their number." Nor if as much were said do we think that any critical Brian de Bois-Guilbert would answer in an adaptation of the rebuke to the tardy forgetfulness of the Palmer. The quotation is appropriate, for the essay in question is that on the suppression of the Templars. The story is one which gives Mr. Froude an excellent opportunity for displaying his power of narrative, and is connected with many matters on which he is sure to have something characteristic to say. But it is little more than an independent paraphrase of Michelet, and its merits are mainly those of form. It was delivered originally in lectures to the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, when Mr. Froude had to speak, and had nothing more entirely his own to talk about. As might be expected, Mr. Froude's sagacity utterly rejects the charges of immorality brought against the Templars—charges based on the merest tittle-tattle or the confessions of men driven mad by torture. The two last essays on the "Norway Fjords" and "Norway Once More" are very pleasant descriptions of travel, scenery, and fishing. But there is a criticism on the *Père Goriot* in them which falls into the common errors of judging literature on non-literary grounds, and of condemning one great writer because he is not exactly like another and a greater. There is no man who has more reason to avoid these faults than Mr. Froude, who has suffered much from them in other men. That the characters of *Le Père Goriot* are sordid, and that the book has no breath in it of the great heroic wind which blows through *King Lear*, we can all see. But it must be judged by the imagination shown in creating those sordid characters, with their sordid background; and Balzac was Balzac, and not Shakespeare.

Of the other three essays, that on St. Teresa is rather a study of character than a narrative. It is extraordinarily vivid and sympathetic. We note that it contains one of Mr. Froude's characteristic sweeping misstatements. In speaking of the "Spain of Ferdinand and Isabella," he says that "in art and literature Italy alone was in advance" of the Spaniards. Mr. Froude has fallen a victim to an optical delusion. Spanish art and literature belong to the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. At the end of the fifteenth the literature of the Spaniards was in its very feeble beginnings, and they had no art deserving to rank with the Flemish or German. Their literature followed, and did not precede, Rabelais, the Pléiade, and the early French dramatists. We need not discuss Mr. Froude's estimate of St. Teresa herself. So much in it is matter of feeling and of opinion—things not to be adequately discussed except at length—and then we agree with him in all essentials. It is enough to say that his picture will probably be found equally offensive to orthodox Protestants and by Roman Catholics who are given to what Dean Milman called, if our memory does not deceive us, the "fanfaronade of belief." The sub-title to the essay on Antonio Perez—"An Unsolved Historical Riddle"—might perhaps have been bettered by the change of a word. The riddle may safely be called "insoluble." Its elements are to be found in the contra-

dictory assertions of persons who either could not know the truth or had every motive to disguise it, and were upon their own showing capable of any amount of lying. It is a not unamusing exercise to compare Mr. Froude's account of the murder of Escovedo with Mr. Motley's. We have done it, and can promise any reader who cares to try the game a pleasing hour and, what is perhaps better, a wholesome lesson on the meaning of those much-abused words, "historical truth." Here are two writers, whom we are not concerned to compare for the present, working on the same materials, and in the main agreeing on the matter of fact, who yet contrive to give entirely different views of the same story. The reader will at the end of it, if he is wise, murmur to himself certain words of Dr. Faust's touching "den Geist der Zeiten," and its connexion with "der Herren eigner Geist, In dem die Zeiten sich bespiegeln." Mr. Froude has formed quite a different opinion of Philip II. from Mr. Motley's, and therefore all the evidence takes a different colour to him. Of the two Philips, his seems to us much the most credible human being. Mr. Froude entirely rejects the common gossip about the King's love for the Princess of Eboli, and that on good grounds and on bad. The good grounds are the absolute want of evidence, and the fact that these scandals are common form with a certain stamp of "authorities," so called. The bad grounds are that Philip had no time for mistresses. He had time for hunting and to potter about in the studio, which he gave to Alonso Cano, in his palace, dressed in his "ropa de levantar," or dressing gown.

The "Spanish Story of the Armada," which gives its name to the volume, is the longest—but not very much the longest—of the six essays. It was the last written, and it proves that the Regius Professor of History at Oxford can tell a tale as well as ever he could. Mr. Froude has taken Don Cesareo Fernandez Duro's two volumes, has picked the best they contain, and has made eighty-six pages of excellent reading out of them. Of course Mr. Froude has given the minute critic cause to blaspheme. He talks, for instance, of "de Leyva," but of Oquendo and Recalde. But why are Miguel de Oquendo and Juan Martinez de Recalde to be deprived of the particule which is left to Alonso de Leyva? The proper course is to drop the "de" in all cases unless there is a name or title in front of it, the Spanish custom being identical with the French—or, for that matter, the Scotch, who say Montgomery of Skelmorlie, or Skelmorlie, but not "of Skelmorlie" by themselves. This is no great matter, but when Mr. Froude talks of "Don Martinez" or "Don Enriquez" we shudder indeed—and yet he knows his Ford. He can still we note go wrong over a plain statement of fact, as he does in an otherwise admirable summary of the narrative of Captain Cuellar. The Captain, he says, was ordered to be hanged by the Duke of Medina Sidonia, and was saved by the intercession of Don Francisco de Bobadilla. Now, Cuellar says himself in the most explicit terms that it was Bobadilla who wanted to hang him. The Duke was prostrated, and Don Francisco, his "maestre de campo general," was in effective command. It was the Auditor—i.e. Judge Martin de Aranda—who saved him. There is also one point which we should like to argue with Mr. Froude. He does not appear to be sure whether the English were or were not in Plymouth Sound when the Spaniards came outside. From the narrative of Captain Alonso Vanegas, who was on board the Spanish flagship, we gather that they were still in the Sound. Vanegas reports that Alonso de Leyva pressed the Duke to sail in and attack them. The advice was not taken for two reasons, one of which is interesting. Medina Sidonia, inspired by Diego Flores, replied that the shallows in front of the English would make it impossible for the Spaniards to attack "con frente de escuadron"—that is to say, in line abreast—and that if they went in in line ahead they would be crushed in detail. It is a curious illustration of the permanence of rules and conditions in war that, in 1779, the great allied French and Spanish fleet under D'Orvilliers and Don Luis de Cordoba abstained from attacking the much smaller English fleet at Torbay for the same reason. Of course Medina Sidonia ought to have gone in in line ahead, sacrificing the leading ships to make an opening for the rest; but that is very much like saying that he ought to have been Horatio Nelson, which luckily for us he was not.

And now, having delivered our soul, let us hasten to say with emphasis that Mr. Froude's *Spanish Story of the Armada* would be enough to establish the reputation of a new writer. To understand fully how admirably the narrative is balanced, and with what an unerring eye he has taken from Don Cesareo Duro's documents the picturesque and significant things—the names often wrong, and the small details now and then topsy-turvy, but the spirit never missed—it is, of course, necessary to compare the essay with its authorities. Still any reader of the English can see for himself that the narrative carries conviction. It is not a

* *The Spanish Story of the Armada: and other Essays.* By James Anthony Froude. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1892.

complete history of the Armada, but the story told from the Spanish side. Our men, though the victors, play a secondary part. An Englishman may read it with a chastened spirit, and yet with pride. The chastening will come from learning how the enemy we repulsed was hampered by his wretched armament and his amazing leader. The pride from seeing that we conquered no ignoble enemy. No Elizabethan of our own was a braver man than the Captain Cuellar whose adventures among the "savages" in Ireland, who called themselves Christians, and were so "as much as Mahomet," Mr. Froude has told at length. And Cuellar was one of many. It inspires respect for these Spaniards to see how little hatred there was among them for their successful enemy, what a total absence of effort to minimize the extent of their own disaster or the skill of their opponents. *Fué servido Dios*—it pleased God—that we should be worsted, and that the enemy should be the cleverer, is their uniform comment; and then they go on with their narratives in a straightforward, manly way. The two figures which dominate the whole story are those of Philip II. and the Duke of Medina Sidonia. The Duke is probably unique among commanders. Mr. Froude, who calls him Sancho Panza, has drawn him with great humour and some malice. A corpulent, good-natured, middle-aged Spanish noble and "preserver of game," he was called upon, to his own inexpressible surprise, to command in the "enterprise of England." The letter to Don Juan de Idiaquez, in which he endeavoured to excuse himself, is no mere *nolo episcopari*. Mr. Froude maliciously suggests that it was inspired by the Duchess, who notoriously entertained a fine wifely contempt for her lord; but, if so, that only proves what a simple-hearted creature he was. Moreover, it is full of the most excellent good sense. The descendant of Guzman el Bueno explained that his health was not good; that he owed a million of maravedis (seventeen maravedis make twopence halfpenny); what was the total of his debt in sterling?; that he had no experience of war on land or water; that whenever he had gone afloat he was upset with cold in his head; that he would be compelled to rely on the opinion of his subordinates, and would never know whether it was good or bad; that the King would do well to give the command to the Adelantado Mayor of Castille, who had been in sea-fights and was a man of much experience. The poor Duke skipped from the first to the third person, from the singular to the plural, regardless of grammar in his distracted efforts to persuade the Royal, Sacred, and Cæsarean Majesty of Philip II. to let him stay in his orange groves at home. It is the letter, not of a strong or clever man, but of an honest and not unwise one. To all this Philip only answered, "Duke my cousin, this enterprise is of God. He will inspire you, and my wisdom will not fail to give help—go, I beseech you, and even command." A gentleman who held in chief of the crown, and to whom the King had been very good, could do no other than go. To complete his misfortunes, Philip gave him as adviser, whose opinion he was to follow, the worst man he could have chosen—Diego Flores Valdes, an explorer and good judge of ship-building, but a man of no more experience in war than the Duke, *mauvais coucheur*, and bitterly envious into the bargain. If ever a man was sent out doomed to fail, ignorant, and distrustful of himself, ill advised, in a fleet badly supplied with stores, and worse armed with cannon—for the Spaniards hoped to board, and their guns were both few and small—it was the unlucky Duke of Medina Sidonia. That he broke down under the strain shows that he was no hero; but he never pretended that he was. It may be remembered though, on his behalf, that he left Spain a plump, well-conditioned gentleman without a grey hair in his head, and returned a white-headed, broken man. The real sinner was that extraordinary mixture of good intentions, unwearying industry, and solemn gander vanity commonly called Philip II.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL OR TOURING.

A GLANCE at Mr. Wolff's contents-table will show that he has given a liberal expansion to what is commonly understood as the country of the Vosges. We are very far from being inclined to complain of that, for he has given us a volume which is in every way admirable. In fact, for the future it must supersede all other guide-books for the districts he knows and

* *The Country of the Vosges*. By Henry W. Wolff. London: Longmans & Co.

Spain and Morocco: Studies in Local Colour. By Henry T. Finck. London: Percival & Co.

Dr. Liddon's Tour in Egypt and Palestine in 1886. Being Letters descriptive of the Tour, written by his Sister, Mrs. King. Longmans & Co.

appreciates so thoroughly. Repeatedly he catches "Murray" tripping; and both English and foreign guides he often found untrustworthy as to ways and means and accommodation. His own information is miscellaneous and almost exhaustive. His literary researches would seem to have been as extensive and promiscuous as his wanderings; he spares his readers the trouble of studying other works for themselves, and provides them with a pleasant and unobtrusive travelling companion which will help to kill wet days and dull evenings. The Vosges is rich in historical associations, secular and sacred. It has been the seat of not a few famous families, and its commanding heights and formidable passes have been strongly fortified from time immemorial. As its feudal strongholds have given place to such entrenched camps as Metz, with its citadel encircled by outlying forts, mounted with the heaviest modern ordnance; so it has seen a panoramic succession of characteristic campaigns from the days of the Nibelungen heroes and the dark ages down to the murderous battles of Wörth and Gravelotte. Yet, though the population was warlike, it was always devout. In the middle ages, when the cloister was the only place of tranquillity, that borderland seems actually to have swarmed with saints. Popular shrines erected on the scenes of miracles and martyrdom enriched their self-denying guardians. Pious munificence raised magnificent churches, from Metz in the north to Strasburg in the south; though, by the way, Mr. Wolff has come to the conclusion that the great minster of Alsace has been architecturally overpraised. There were stately abbeys like Remiremont, where noble ladies lived and died in the lap of luxury and the odour of sanctity, ruled by an abbess with the state and power of a princess. There were and are in the valleys the famous baths which early obtained the celebrity which brought ailing visitors from very long distances. Of course, some of these, like Plombières, have been associated in our own times with the prologues to great military dramas. The country everywhere is wonderfully picturesque, with an infinite variety of attractions. There are rolling plains carrying rich crops, and gentle eminences clothed with vines and fruit trees. There are stern and almost pathless hill districts, covered with forests seldom penetrated save by the woodsman, the charcoal-burner, or the forest guards. There you hear nothing but the cry of the wild animals or the strokes of an axe, and come on nothing in the shape of a road but now and again a wooden track for the timber sleighs. The wooded hills break away into deep valleys, and sometimes into wildly precipitous gorges; and in the bottom of each is the swiftly rushing stream, often falling over rocks in a succession of cascades. Elsewhere the hills are breezy alp and green mountain meadow, where the dairy farmers of the Vosges pasture their flocks and herds. The industrious people have always turned the profuse water-power to account; the trees had never to be transported far to the saw-mill; each parish and commune ground its own corn; and the Vosges, with its thriving semi-rural towns, used to be specially the land of petty industries. These have been rather dying out, more particularly since the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine. There, as elsewhere, the tendency has been to desert the country for better paid occupation in the town; and cities like Mülhouse have been increasing fast, as being centres of manufacturing industries. Mr. Wolff gives a most interesting report of the consequences to trade and industry of the shifting of the frontiers. Though he professes himself, with fair reason, an impartial witness, it is clear that his secret sympathies are with the French. Indeed, those of them who were compelled to change nationalities have often suffered so severely that it would be difficult for a stranger who has sojourned among them not to sympathize. But Mr. Wolff does justice to the honesty of purpose and good intentions of the Germans. They have often introduced really beneficial measures; but these are enforced with the military harshness which pervades even the Prussian bureaucracy. They are well meaning, but overbearing and essentially wanting in tact; and, although he believes the process of assimilation to be going steadily forward in the German-speaking districts, it will be infinitely slower than it need have been. Had the Badeners administered Alsace instead of the Prussians, things would have been very different. Some industries, such as the tobacco manufacture, have been utterly blighted, and naturally the impoverished manufacturers are resentful. But prosperity almost invariably produces acquiescence, which even now and among men of the French race is scarcely to be distinguished from loyalty. Meanwhile, however, the results of the annexation are a nuisance to the innocent tourist. He is perpetually standing on a doubtful frontier line among guards who demand unnecessary papers which they distrust, as they are quite unable to comprehend them. Producing a sketch-book in picturesque scenery, in the neighbourhood of some superannuated

fortress, ensures an immediate introduction to the Commandant; and consequently the plans and movements of the tourist are not invariably within his own control.

Mr. Finck apologizes for giving us another book on Spain and Morocco after a merely flying visit, by urging that first impressions of local colour are the most graphic and realistic. We are bound in gratitude to admit the excuse, for we have found his little volume pleasant reading, though it seems somewhat strong giving the comprehensive title of "Morocco" to a simple ride from semi-civilized Tangier to Tetuan. He was more fortunate at Burgos than we have been, for he was pleased to find that he was not beset by beggars. They used to swarm even over the threshold of the café. And we differ from him in his idea of the noble cathedral, which struck him as more impressive from without than from within. We shall always remember how we were absorbed by the grandeur of that soaring Gothic interior, when impatiently waiting for a belated breakfast. This bustling American has shrewdly discovered the cause of Spanish decadence in the habit of sleeping away the golden morning, in place of being content with the afternoon *siesta*. And he is keen in detecting the plagiarisms of writers who, though borrowing phrases almost verbatim from better men, have nevertheless obtained credit for originality. He ironically abuses "the impudence of Théophile Gautier," who "conveyed" a picturesque description of Cordova from the sparkling pages of Mr. Augustus Hare. Visiting the *bodegas* of Puerto St. Mary and Cadiz, with the sympathetic interest of a *connoisseur* and *bon vivant*, he gives a lamentable report of the decline and, what is worse, the degradation of the sherry trade. "Capital bears no interest, and the vineyards have no value." Some of his figures sound almost incredible. The price of the hectolitre has fallen from 80 to 90 francs to 14; and 12,000,000 dollars worth of the vile German alcohol is said to be annually imported for purposes of adulteration. It used to be asserted that sherry was bilious; if half that Mr. Finck says be true, it has become absolutely poisonous. If he did not see much of the land of the Moors, he dashed off picturesque and amusing descriptions of what he did see. His greatest difficulty in Tangier was to escape the guides, who, forming a close confraternity of voluble liars, swore that it was dangerous in the extreme for the visitor to go about personally conducted; and as his visit unfortunately fell in Ramadan, he was worried by the demonstrative devotions of the true believers. Salvoes from the Ramadan guns were discharged within a stone's throw of his hotel; and the Muezzin, who was unseasonably calling the faithful to prayers, kept rousing the infidel from his attempts at slumber. But he never more congratulated himself on having been brought up a Christian than when breaking his fast after a long and appetizing ride in a *fondak* between Tangier and Tetuan. He offered to share his chicken, his dessert, and his bottle of Val de Peñas with his guide and his soldier guard. The poor fellows shook their heads ruefully and refused; and they sat looking on with wolfish eyes while he finished the chicken and drained the flask.

Any memorials of Canon Liddon must have a melancholy interest; but otherwise there is little to be said of these letters. They go over well-trodden ground; they describe familiar scenes, and are chiefly valuable as showing that the Canon, with regard to the sacred sites, was rather inclined to credulity than to scepticism. It was characteristic that, though very much of an invalid, he was loth to resign himself to the *dolce far niente*. He would miss nothing that had historical or biblical interest for him, and was always being tempted to overtax his strength in his earnest sympathy with spiritual work, of whatever creed or nationality. The party seem to have been greatly struck by the contrast between civilized Egypt under English control and semi-barbarous Syria under the rule of the Sultan. "The Turk," writes Mrs. King, "seems never to expend one sixpence in keeping things going; indeed, 'Take all and give nothing' would appear to be the guiding rule of his life." It would be well, indeed, if he always stopped short at neglect, and never wrought irretrievable mischief by his Vandalism. As for the people, Dr. Liddon greatly preferred the Egyptians to the Syrians. The Egyptians are said to have apparently inherited the intellectual power of their fathers; whereas the Syrians, who are a mixed race, have developed physically rather than mentally. Modest though he was, it must have been gratifying to find that his fame had gone before him; for he always received a most respectful and flattering welcome from the dignitaries of the various Oriental Churches, who for the most part knew as little of England as of Madagascar.

NOVELS.*

THE Lesson of the Master was simply the advice of *Punch* to those about to marry, and, like Mr. Punch in the matter of Judy, he failed to carry out his own recommendation. Mr. St. George, the "Master," is represented as a man to whom the choice of Hercules had been given early in life. On the one hand lay Bachelorhood and Spiritual Elevation, on the other was Marriage and Pot-boiling. He chose, as most of us would, the latter alternative, and became degraded in his own estimation, and in that of his enthusiastic disciple, Paul Overt. We have no quarrel with Mr. St. George as to his decision; but it is impossible altogether to accept Mr. James's verdict on its fatal consequences. If literature and art bristle with examples of persons who might have been really great if they had had time to allow themselves to be so, specimens of married people who retire, as it were, into Thebaic deserts, and produce their novels in fasting and prayer, are by no means infrequent, and Mr. Paul Overt may have learned in time that bachelorhood does not necessarily imply intellectual supremacy. But be that as it may, Mr. James's story is very clever and very interesting. To be sure, the characters are a little Frenchified, and are apt to interlard their conversation with French phrases and translations of French idioms. They are likewise given to personal talk, to an extent not common in English society, and the heroine, Miss Fancourt, is more suggestive of a gushing widow of forty than a British maiden of twenty-three. Still they are human, and affect us with a desire to know more of them, and what will ultimately be their fate; and what more is necessary to make a good story? It is to be hoped that the wives of literary men are not afflicted with morbid consciences, or Mr. James will have succeeded in disturbing their innocent enjoyment of every luxury, lest it should be an additional obstacle in the way of the development of the gifted husband's "higher nature." Poor Mrs. St. George, who contrived to reconcile the two conflicting rôles of "the Master's" Ministering Angel and *Ame damnée*, is described in the admirable manner of which Mr. James may be said to have a monopoly. "Overt judged her at first to be about thirty years of age; then, after a while, he perceived that she was much nearer fifty. But she juggled away the twenty years somehow—you only saw them in a rare glimpse, like the rabbit in the conjurer's sleeve. . . . She looked as if she had put on her best clothes to go to church, and then had decided that they were too good for that, and had stayed at home." It is almost a shame to bestow such infinite care on a portrait, and then to wipe it out altogether, yet this is how Mr. James treats Mrs. St. George. Poor thing! if she had had a sense of humour, which seems the one thing wanting to "round her off," she would have felt that "nothing in her life became her like the leaving it"; but it is to be feared that Mrs. St. George was too earnest in desiring her husband's material well-being to allow of such reflections. Of the other stories that go to make up the volume, "The Marriages" is the one in which Mr. James most successfully catches the English note, and "The Solution" is that in which he is most ingenious and most characteristic. The practical joke played off by two English and French attachés on the unfortunate Wilmerding is related with a great deal of humour and spirit. The financial part of the transaction is less probable than the rest; but still there are women existing everywhere who will stick at nothing, especially when they have children to elevate baseness into a duty. Few readers will cavil at the poetical justice of the *dénouement*, though it may be as well to remind Mr. James that thirty or forty years ago, when the actors in this story were alive, it was not the custom to talk of "smart" people, or for well-bred ladies to exclaim "It is a large order." But with all these little blemishes Mr. James has contributed a great deal of solid thought and much entertainment to a publishing season when books have been only too devoid of both.

Mr. Algernon Gissing's last novel, *A Masquerader*, is dull, in-

* *The Lesson of the Master*. By Henry James. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

A Masquerader. By Algernon Gissing. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1892.

Nor Wife, nor Maid. By Mrs. Hungerford. 3 vols. London: Heinemann. 1892.

A Valley of Shadows. By G. Colmore. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1892.

Maisie Derrick. By K. S. Macquaid. 2 vols. London: A. D. Innes. 1892.

A Fellow and his Wife. By Blanche Willis Howard and William Sharp. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1892.

Chapters in My Wife's History. By H. S. K. Bellairs. London: Digby, Long, & Co. 1892.

Running It Off. By Nat Gould. London: Routledge & Sons. 1892.

Sybil Knows; or, Home Again. By Edward Hale. London: Cassell & Co. 1892.

Through To-day. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. 1892.

comprehensible, and vulgar. Up to the very end he never makes it clear if Mr. Whinstone had really ruined Mrs. Monk in early life, or why the blameless Mrs. Whinstone allowed her baby daughter to be taken from her care, and kept away for twenty years. The characters are all of that anomalous sort which it is impossible to place in any special stratum of society; while the conventional poetical shepherd and his refined sister are our very old and familiar friends. Neither Mr. Gissing's style, nor grammar, nor sense is irreproachable, as will be apparent from the following passages:—"She [the heroine] was consequently in a high degree accomplished, without the remotest suggestion of being overburdened by her gifts. Not one of them had overpowered her; they were all subdued to her own sparkling vitality, appropriated by sheer force of the irresistible alchemy of exuberant animal spirits. It was true that she had in some degree cultivated a certain natural facility she had in handling the pencil, but beyond a little exceptional boldness in the choice of her subjects, her productions were only such as might have been claimed by hundreds of the cultivated young ladies of our own day" (vol. i. p. 14). It will be noticed that the last sentence of this paragraph absolutely contradicts the first, but let us pass on to another quotation from page 205 of the same volume. "The moorlands in an October or November wind are not to be surpassed, that is, for expression of their own peculiar spirit. Certain days of March and April, when the curlew first comes up to us, but of course in many main characteristics spring and autumn are very similar." Again in vol. iii. p. 5:—"He had taken other extraordinary measures for obtaining a single glimpse of this lady (curiously none of which had as yet been attended with success)." Besides this Mr. Gissing always uses "like" for "as," and "commence" for "begin." He also entertains very singular views as to the discipline of the University of Oxford, which he appears to think is a place where your presence at any given moment is a matter of indifference. "I don't go to town too often, or to Oxford," laughs the hero, Paul Whinstone (vol. i. p. 97). "You were at Oxford, were you?" asks his sister. "I'm there now, you know. I shall have to be a bit more regular now you have come home." The behaviour of the various characters is conceived on an equally original scale. The gentlemen and ladies indulge in an unusual amount of horse-play (vol. ii. p. 137), and one of them, a man of a sober and serious turn of mind, thus alludes to his fiancée, when speaking to his friend:—"It is not a quarter of an hour since she accepted me. Arms round, kiss, and all the rest of it. I've got the measure of her finger" (vol. iii. p. 96); after which the friend, who relates his own experiences in the same terms, agrees to toss for the young lady. These quotations will show the style of the book better than any words can do. The story is hopelessly confused as well as unnatural; and, except for some pleasant descriptions of Cheviot scenery, it is quite devoid of merit.

Railway travellers who have felt grateful to Mrs. Hungerford for helping them to pass some heavy hours by the aid of her lively, if not very profound, tales, will be curious to see how she contrives to deal with the tragedy which is implied by her title *Nor Wife, nor Maid*. It is only fair to her to say that, as far as the chief victim is concerned, she deals with it very well. Mary Seaton's sufferings are very real, and their various stages are described with a delicacy and a perception that are rare in stories of the sort. There is nothing melodramatic about them, though melodrama is inevitable in the story of the absolutely shadowy husband and his resuscitated wife, who deplores the accident which has led her across his path quite as much as he or the unfortunate Mary could do. Mary's married sister, the affectionate, practical, worldly Lena, is a person we all know, and the Archdeacon, their father, is a welcome guest in every house; while years and opportunities will prove that his apparently hard and aggressive second wife barks more severely than she bites. If Mrs. Hungerford had confined her story to these five or six, she would have done well; but unluckily she has tried to throw in some light comedy in the shape of the lover of her favourite bewitching and pert young damsel, and an irritating nobleman who is always losing his glasses. It is a pity Mrs. Hungerford should not watch herself a little more carefully, and avoid some of her characters and expressions which tend to become hackneyed, however appropriate they may once have been. Of these "a lovely smile" is one of the most frequent; also the "few pearls" which the heroine invariably wears round her neck; while the contrast between the married and unmarried sisters that runs through almost all her books is apt to be tedious. She has, however, turned to fresh pastures in an English cathedral city, and has given us one or two lively sketches in a few strokes. The closing scenes of the book will strike most readers as rather revolting—it is always distressing to see people counting the moments till the death of a fellow-creature. But the picture is absolutely

true to life, though it is not every one who would have had Lena Egerton's courage, or who would have confessed that she had prayed that Mary's predecessor might die before Mary's child was born. Mrs. Hungerford has accomplished one feat which many of her superiors have tried to do, and failed—she has managed to convey the feeling of an all-absorbing love.

A Valley of Shadows is a better put together story than the *Conspiracy of Silence*, but it lacks the spasmodic, though rather unnatural, interest of its predecessor. It deals essentially with "a day of small things," for the tragedy at the back of it all fails to take its due prominence. The reader somehow falls into the way of considering the affairs of "Lucy Sarryll or Hatherden" (as the Scotch papers would say) in the light of village prejudice and gossip; and, even after ten years of peaceful existence, it is difficult to accept seriously her abrupt confession that the charges against her were true, and that she had really murdered her husband. There is a certain individuality in the characters, especially in that of Joel Hatherden, which ought to make the book better than it is; but for some reason or other it leaves on the mind an impression of "much cry, little wool." It is impossible to convey to the mind of the reader the gravity of the issues that really are at stake, and therefore, in spite of much that is good about it, *A Valley of Shadows* must be considered a failure.

The tale of the golden-haired adventuress coming between the virtuous, dark-eyed heroine (*Maisie Derrick*) and her lover has been told so often, that it is hard, even for the most unsophisticated, to get up any excitement in the matter. To be sure the adventuress, Drusilla Lescure, elopes with a stout rich man before her wedding-day, and thus leaves the field open for her rival; but even this "rash act" causes the pulses to beat but languidly, for Drusilla does not profess to care for her swain, and her newly-avowed father has offered her a considerable income if she marries her chosen young engineer. The tale is rendered confused by the introduction of a crowd of minor characters which have nothing to do with the plot, and are introduced in the most perfunctory manner. The hero is a nonentity, and not in the least worth the competition that he excites, and the book, as a whole, is unworthy of some of Mrs. Macquoid's previous works.

The joint production of Miss Blanche Willis Howard and Mr. Sharp is a conjugal duet, with a good deal of *tu quoque* in its music, as conjugal duets are wont to have. The *fellowe*, one Count von Jaromar, has allowed his newly-married wife to go and study sculpture for herself (and by herself) at Rome, as has been her ardent wish during her years of girlhood at Rügen. Her letters are very frank and natural, and it is no wonder that her husband is alarmed at the perpetual references to a sculptor, Hedwigh by name. There is also another very amusing trait in the Countess's constant disclaimers of any wish for society, and as constant allusions to brilliant parties at which she has figured. This is a kind of hallucination to which the female sex is especially liable. It is not quite plain if the Count's remarks about a young French waif who has been "cast up by the sea" at his door are intended to pique his wife into returning, or if he is really half in love with the girl; but in the end all goes well. Yet, ingenious as the two authors are, the reader has lingering doubts if any woman would carry frankness to the point of confessing to her husband the very looks and tones of her lover, or whether, if she did, she could be a woman possessed of any delicacy of soul.

Still, complain as we may of the Countess von Jaromar's unnecessary candour, we shudder at that of the gentleman who undertakes to relate *Chapters in My Wife's History*. The greatest adept at conundrums would fail to guess what the "chapters" were to which the wife's husband so complacently refers. Nobody since the world began could ever have imagined that they referred exclusively to her courtship by her groom, their many meetings, and their subsequent marriage. Even Miss Aurora Floyd's adventures are only detailed as events in the past; but here is a husband absolutely dwelling on the nauseous record in the present, though it does not very well appear how he became acquainted with the facts. He does not even spare us the details of the wedding breakfast à trois, when the bride is disgusted with the bridegroom's method of disposing of his roll and drawing the champagne corks. Yet it is not easy to believe that a man who exclaims, "Lawks, what lovely stuff to drink! Blow me tight if we don't have this every day," could have carried on his courtship in strictly refined English. Most husbands would seek to throw a veil over their wives' misdoings, if only for their own sakes; but the husband of "My Wife" holds up her follies to ridicule, and expatiates on the groom's maudlin condition, and on the neat way in which she gave him the slip in the train. He does not even stop at

declaring his intention of committing bigamy, and it is only the incident of the groom breaking his neck in a Bombay steep-chase that prevents his rival from breaking the law. Decidedly, whatever eminence Mr. Bellairs may afterwards attain to, he will never be reckoned among the English humourists.

Running It Off is a book of the same kind as Mr. Boldrewood's Australian stories, only not nearly so good as some of them. It is much more vulgar, and much less vivid, and the people whose adventures are told do not excite our sympathy. The heroine, Tilly, is a rough though good-hearted hoyden, and her "accomplished governess" cannot talk English. She says "he's a good man is Robert Briscoe," and after this specimen it would be hypercritical to carp at her pupil's way of expressing herself. Tilly's father is invariably alluded to as "the Honourable Robert Briscoe," which palls after a time, and the author himself usually prefers "commence" to "begin," and speaks on p. 154 of "sundry bottles of sparkling." As in all Australian novels there is a great deal of space devoted to racing, and this constitutes the best part of the book. The rest is made up of sensations of various kinds, wherein one Rushton plays a prominent part. But the whole thing is *brusqué* too suddenly for the reader to have much chance of getting up his interest, and the book itself has too much the air of being the outcome of disjointed jottings, and it lacks a well-thought-out plot.

Discursiveness is likewise one of the many rocks on which Mr. Edward Hale has split in *Sybil Knox*—or Mrs. Sybil Knox, as he prefers to call her. The alternative title is *Home Again*, but this work would much more appropriately have been named "The Dread of Gossip," as a haunting fear of even the most harmless personalities is the prevailing feature of the book. Like most American stories, it teems with details of an unimportant kind, and with pages of talk that is intended to be clever, but is in reality only laboured. There are endless accounts of railway frauds, of sewing societies, of a strange female order called Send Me, of the manners and customs of people who are spoken of only to be consigned to oblivion, but there is never such a thing as a good rousing episode or ray of humour. The merits of a large class of American tales are absent, and no others are put in their place.

A lack of cohesiveness seems to be the badge of most of the novels of the present day, and their writers appear perfectly unable to discern what is vital to the matter in hand, and what is merely padding. *Through To-day* is even more wandering than its fellows, and the person who undertook to relate its plot would find himself hopelessly puzzled. Quantities of sermons are quoted at length. There is a great deal about new religions (which mostly seem a very poor substitute for the old), there are strange communities and descriptions of every casual person mentioned, there is much stress laid on instruction by pictures; there is, in a word, a vast and magnificent husk, and no kernel. And, having discovered its emptiness, we throw it away.

TWO BOOKS ON GEMS.*

TWO books, different enough in style and special matter, but both dealing with the ever-fascinating subject of precious stones, have appeared almost simultaneously. The one is a new and much improved edition of Mr. Streeter's well-known book on the actual stones, the other a very interesting *catalogue raisonné* of the collection of engraved gems which the late Mr. Lewis, Fellow and Librarian of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, formed during many years of communication with the principal dealers and of actual travel in classical countries, and which at his recent death he bequeathed to his college. Slade Professors and directors of the Fitzwilliam ought no doubt to exist for the purpose of cataloguing such things deftly; but we think we may with quite sober justice say that it is not easy to conceive any one doing the thing better than it has been here done by the present holder of those posts. The Scylla of such a task is the over-display of the author's own knowledge, the Charybdis the under-valuation of the reader's ignorance. Professor Middleton has steered between with an eye as mathematical as that of Sir Telegraph Paxarett. The introductory essay on gems generally is a really masterly performance; its forty pages will put any person who has fair general cultivation, however ignorant he may have been of the special subject, in fair condition to appreciate the particular catalogue that follows, or any matter dealing with

* *The Lewis Collection of Gems and Rings.* By J. H. Middleton. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1892.

Precious Stones and Gems. By Edwin W. E. Streeter. Fifth edition, revised. London: George Bell & Sons. 1892.

similar subjects; while few are likely to possess so much knowledge that they can afford to neglect it. These summaries of a subject in little have a superficial air of facility; no expert, whatever the subject of his *expertise*, but knows that they are the most difficult things in the world to do well. And this is done admirably well.

The excellence of the Lewis collection seems to consist less in the inclusion of single gems of extraordinary beauty or antiquity than in presenting an extensive and characteristic selection of different times and classes. The most noteworthy single examples would appear to be the fine "Christ the Good Shepherd" (A. 48), the very rude but also very early Crucifixion (E. 1), the very striking Aphrodite Epitragia (B. 19), the interesting "Nero and Poppaea" face to face (B. 79), and the large and very fine Gnostic talisman of the Abraxas type (C. 17). But the entire collection includes not much fewer than four hundred examples, ancient (though not, as a rule, very ancient), Renaissance, and modern, Pagan, Christian, and Gnostic. Mr. Lewis seems to have had most of his gems set as rings, which was, no doubt, the original intention of most of them, and is certainly the most suitable form of presentation, and he possessed some in which the setting as well as the gem was antique and of much interest. Altogether, the formation of the collection and its final destination may be said to credit to the collegiate system in its proper form. Your modern married Fellow would have had to spend the money on his wife's bonnets to begin with, or to sell it when it was formed to buy trousseaux for his daughters and outfits for his sons. We should like, by the way, to see Professor Middleton's introduction separately printed. It would be invaluable to many who for this reason or that do not care to procure his larger work on gems, and have no special occasion for a catalogue of the Lewis collection itself. It is quite the best introduction to the general subject, as well as to the particular collection, that we have seen, and deals with the methods of production and the materials used, as well as with the finished product as existing, original or imitated, in cabinets and museums.

Mr. Streeter's book of necessity appeals less to scholars and more to the general public. It has been, we are told, "in great part re-written"—a process of which, to speak frankly, it stood in some need, and the result of which is a very considerable improvement. It has a good deal of additional matter, such as two chapters concerning the ruby mines of Burmah, and Mr. Streeter's connexion with them, which some people will find the most interesting of the book, and which others, unless duty compels them, will probably skip. Nothing shall induce us to confess in which class we rank. But it is not compromising to say that Mr. Streeter's zeal in his vocation is undoubted. He seems to have by no means limited his explorations to rubies and to Burmah, but has directed his attention to sapphires in Siam, to emeralds in Egypt, to turquoises in Persia. His book, moreover, has many handsome coloured illustrations of famous stones, of typical crystals, and of gems in the rough. The letterpress, after its revision, and the exclusion of certain, chiefly anecdotic, matter which Mr. Streeter has published in other forms (though he has retained a good deal in reference to South Africa and its diamonds), may now claim with some justice to be what its author presents it as—"an amount of combined practical and scientific information not to be found in any similar work in the English language." It is true that it is a long way from being the ideal work on gems. That could hardly be written except by a person possessing, along with the requisite literary and critical skill, an amount of literary, historical, scientific, commercial, and practical knowledge, together with a quality of taste which it would be almost unreasonable to expect to find united. To mention one point only, it must, for instance, have struck many persons, and it is, we think, remarked by Professor Middleton (who, by the way, does unite a great many of the qualifications just referred to) as well as by Mr. Streeter, that the traditional names of stones are anything but certain. Indeed it may be said to be, in a way, certain that the classical and Biblical names sometimes, if not often, designate quite different gems from those to which we now apply them. The gems of the poets, again, are something like their flowers, in being extremely arbitrary. If there be anywhere a benevolent despot or an entirely reckless capitalist, he might do worse than endow some Deserving Object with a handsome stipend, and a considerable allowance for expenses, for the writing of such a book on these and other things. We will undertake to find the Deserving Object if anybody will find the capitalist or the despot.

Meanwhile we must be content with Mr. Streeter, to whom it were ill to be ungrateful, inasmuch as he really does his best to touch on at least a good many of the subjects we have indicated. On the working of precious stones he speaks, of course, with much authority, and most things generally necessary may be

learnt here, not merely as to cutting, but as to other and perhaps less legitimate forms of manipulation. For we doubt whether it is even yet generally known that pink topazes are usually, if not always, merely the ordinary sherry-coloured variety roasted, and that other stones, especially agates and onyxes, are dyed in the ordinary course of trade, just as you dye stuff or leather.

The first and longest chapter dealing with the precious stones themselves is, of course, devoted to the diamond. Mr. Streeter, indeed, in his general classification puts both pearls and rubies in point of value above this old favourite of the public; and nobody who reflects on certain facts will, we think, doubt that, putting fashion quite out of sight, the destiny of the diamond is downwards, not upwards. It is notorious that only a combination of great producers (which may not last, which may change its policy, or which may have its hand forced by rivals) prevents the market from being simply flooded with South African stones, some of which Mr. Streeter himself admits to be irreproachable in quality, while the majority of them are not likely to be distinguished from the best by the casual purchaser. For ourselves, we do not know that we should greatly regret this result; for to us the chief merit of the diamond has always seemed to be its services in framing, relieving, and setting off coloured stones. But it will probably be long before the race of womankind (there are gracious exceptions even there) ceases to prefer "brilliants" to any other gem, and the literary and historical position of the diamond is impregnable. All about its various forms, from "bort" to Kohinoors and Regents, will be found here, along with some account of the experiments in artificial diamond-making, which seem very likely some day to help South Africa in dethroning the gem.

Then, of course, we come to the corundums, red and blue and other, commonly called rubies and sapphires. If all qualities be taken together, these are probably the most beautiful of all stones, though, as far as mere colour is concerned, we are not so sure that they deserve the primacy accorded to them. In this respect there are certainly rarer, and to some eyes more beautiful, tints in the spinels and zircons than any to be found in the true "pigeon's blood" ruby and the true "cornflower" sapphire. Such a scheme of colour as may be obtained from the spinel alone, few painters' palettes, with all their resources of mixing, have ever contained. And yet Mr. Streeter says "generally the spinels are not much cared for." It seems likely that it is the reflected yellow which is characteristic, as is here remarked, of all spinels that affects the red and blue colour characteristic of the more purely aluminous corundums, and thus produces the oranges, the peacock blues and greens, the violets and maroons, which abound in the spinels, as well as the wonderful rose red of the "balas" ruby, the favourite stone of the middle ages, and itself a spinel. A similar, or almost similar, range of colour may, no doubt, also be found in the tourmalines, and (to a less degree) in the zircons. Unluckily the tourmaline is a little deficient in brilliancy, and it has a detestable habit of losing its colour—a sort of revenge of light on the tricks which tourmaline itself plays with that entity. But we are glad to see that Mr. Streeter, with an enthusiasm not common in the British jeweller for unfashionable and out-of-the-way stones, pronounces the zircon "lovely." In "former times," he also says, this gem was more highly valued than at present. They were very sensible men in former times. The red-orange-brown zircons, or true jacINTHs, have a wonderful richness; the green ones supply at their best a shade of the colour not elsewhere found except in tourmaline, and much more lustrous and permanent; and some of the "jargoons," grey, ashy, smoky things, like bedevilled diamonds, are extremely captivating. Of another green stone, the very pretty but not very valuable moroxite, which is exactly the colour of a savoy cabbage, and very handsome, though terribly soft, Mr. Streeter makes a dry remark, which confirms certain suspicions of our own. "It appears," says he, "that some of the material occasionally sold as moroxite is nothing but paste." He gives, by the way, a somewhat similar caution as to moonstones. Elsewhere he mentions having seen, what we never have seen, alexandrite cats' eyes—a thing which is not surprising, since true cats' eyes and alexandrites are both chemically chrysoberyls, but which must certainly be very curious, the cat's eye "line" being united with the alexandrite change from green by natural, to red by artificial, light.

Lastly, he makes one statement which is more curious still, that the peridot is specially affected by the Society of Friends. It shows the taste of that Society, for the peridot is a delightful stone. But why should Quakers particularly affect chrysolites? Because of their "entireness and perfection"? Because they go—as they certainly do—well with pearl grey? We cannot say; these things *exempt in mysterium*. And not im-

properly so; for there has always been a good deal of mystery connected with gems, and with none more than with the chrysolites, which occur in meteoric stones, and so come from heaven. Perhaps this is why Quakers like them.

POLITICAL PAMPHLETS.*

IN one respect a selection of Political Pamphlets that should fully accord with the scheme of the "Pocket Library," of which Mr. Saintsbury is editor, is a far more difficult matter than a selection of Political Verse. The material, to be sure, is equally abundant. But the fashion of the latter has known infinitely greater diversity. There is more variety of notable examples in the verse, and fit extract is therefore an easier matter. The pamphlet, again, defies the shears. If it be of the first rank, it has all the parts of a true discourse, is a highly developed organism, and will perish of the least amputation. Briefer pamphlets there are than any that are in this selection, but none, that we can recall, of the first class. As to whether the famous political pamphlets of the past are literature, and living literature, as Mr. Saintsbury contends, it is hard to conceive any reader of this excellent selection disputing the proposition. All the specimens deal with burning questions, in language that retains its glow, and still enforces the passion of its appeal. They represent the whole range of production in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and early years of the present. They are given without curtailment, and are all the work of masters of the art. Halifax, De Foe, Swift, Burke, Sydney Smith, Cobbett, and Scott form this Pleiades of pamphleteers, and though in literature their names differ, as one star from another in magnitude, yet in the pamphleteering heaven they are now rightly constellated.

Apart from the literary quality and political interest of these famous and influential tracts, the piquancy of their present association is a powerful charm. The man whom Burke's second "Letter on a Regicide Peace" leaves cold may possibly read Cobbett's letter to the Journeyman, or that to Jack Harrow, with a sullen acquiescence in the whimsical ferocity of the Cobbettian humour. The man of humour, however, will experience incommunicable thrills by the abrupt transition from Halifax's masterly "Letter to a Dissenter" to the eccentric Cobbett, and the audacious inconsistencies of "Peter Plymley's Letters." If Cobbett is absurd, is he not delightful on other grounds than mere wrongheadedness, and does he not write an admirable English, the speech of the old John Bull eloquent? Sydney Smith, again, is nothing if not the delight of the humorous. Weak in argument, though as strong as Cobbett in words, his jocosity clothes the bare places of his discourse very pleasantly. It is amusing, no doubt, to find in one of Peter's letters the most passionate assurance that the Catholics are loyal subjects, ever ready to put Crown and Constitution above the Pope and Papal decrees; and in another, when 'tis question of pacifying Ireland, to find that there is no loyalty among Catholics, and 'tis absurd to believe there is any, therefore everything must be conceded, if only because it is a time of panic. But these odd capers of the frolicsome Sydney mar the enjoyment of no reader save the unco serious. Nor is there any likelihood that readers of the *Shortest Way* perplex themselves about De Foe's ironical mood. Mr. Saintsbury, by the way, is of opinion that the pamphlet is not irony. We would he had given his judgment in full, and not a verdict, in this matter.

MR. HENLEY'S NEW POEMS.†

FOUR years have gone by since Mr. Henley won for himself a position among the poets of the day by his virile and outspoken *Book of Verses*. A singing instinct, an eye keen and cool in observation, a sympathy with the painful parts of life, were combined in that volume with sufficient technical skill to make the future efforts of the same pen the object of legitimate curiosity. The little volume now before us, with its modest average of some four hundred lines per annum, shows neither a tiresome fluency nor any lack of the critical instinct.

The book consists of three sections, which we may briefly describe. The first is a species of ode, written in short, unrhymed lines, in a style that reminds us of Carducci. The second is a group of four rhymed studies, of irregular measure, called "London Voluntaries," in which phases of urban life are

* *Political Pamphlets.* Edited by George Saintsbury. London: Percival & Co. 1892.

† *The Song of the Sword; and other Verses.* By W. E. Henley. David Nutt.

illustrated. The third section comprises twenty-five miscellaneous lyrics. Of these divisions the second is the most remarkable, and will be the most popular. Throughout the book we miss certain accustomed elements of recent verse. Love hardly occupies Mr. Henley's attention; narrative is as completely absent as monodrama. The writer speaks directly to us in every case, and he chiefly deals with his personal reflections and moral peculiarities, his defiance of the fear of man, his calm pulse in the approach of death, his determination to live his own life in his own way.

We find it less easy to appreciate *The Song of the Sword*, although it is doubtless a stirring dithyramb. If the sword, in Russian hands, landed at Leith or at Eastbourne,

Clear singing, clean slicing,
Sweet spoken, soft finishing,

we can imagine no one more indignant than Mr. Henley would be. There is a fashion in robustiousness as in other things, and Mr. Henley is, perhaps, a little too much determined to be manly.

The art of poetry in these days has become so complex, and is so much the result of a combination of influences, that positive novelty is neither to be expected nor perhaps desired. Originality now consists in a fresh and daring combination of styles, as new chemical products are created by the mingling of elements which never met before. It is, therefore, a highly interesting thing to note that the peculiar effect of the "London Voluntaries" is due to their being based, in almost equal degree, on two styles as distinct and apparently as incompatible as those of Mr. Coventry Patmore and Walt Whitman. The voluntary called "Scherzando" would certainly never have been written, at all events in its present form, unless its author had read *Amelia* and *The Unknown Eros*. Here is a passage to our hand:—

Till the sedate and mannered elegance
Of Clement's is all tinctured with romance;
The while the fanciful, formal, finicking charm
Of Bride's, that madrigal in stone,
Glow flushed and warm
And beauteous with a beauty not its own;
And the high majesty of Paul's
Uplifts a voice of living light, and calls—
Calls to his millions to behold and see
How goodly thus his London Town can be!

This we like none the less because it is, clause by clause, language, construction, evolution, and versification, precisely in the later manner of Mr. Patmore. We have quoted this passage, purposely, to illustrate our point, but it is unusual for Mr. Henley to subdue himself so completely to his dyer's hand. In other places, as in "Allegro maestoso," he may fling himself equally far over into the other influence—that of Walt Whitman; but, as a rule, he holds a medium position in which the two alien styles are so finely balanced as really to form a style of their own. All we seriously reproach in these vivid and modern pieces of emotional description is an occasional obscurity. At their best they rise to a pitch of distinct picturesqueness.

Unfortunately, Mr. Henley does not abide at his topmost height. It is the weakness of his unfettered prosody, his daisy-chain of loose verse, that it does not support the poet when he flags, though it soars with him when he leaps. Yet, all taken into account, Mr. Henley has sung of London with real success, and in a manner never precisely anticipated.

The lyrics which close the volume are not different in character from those which we have before received from Mr. Henley. There is the same unconcerned attitude in face of the misfortunes of life, the same not unpleasing roughness. The best of these songs are to the lyrics of Mr. Henley's principal contemporaries as a ribstone pippin is to an apricot or a nectarine. The rind is sometimes harsh; there is often something, in Landor's phrase, "to be pared away," but the flavour is wholesome. The finest of the songs, to our thinking, is the most melancholy:—

O Time and Change, they range and range
From sunshine round to thunder!
They glance and go as the great winds blow,
And the best of our dreams drive under:
For Time and Change estrange, estrange—
And, now they have looked and seen us,
O we that were dear we are all too near
With the thick of the world between us.

O Death and Time, they chime and chime
Like bells at sunset falling!—
They end the song, they right the wrong,
They set the old echoes calling:
For Death and Time bring on the prime
Of God's own chosen weather,
And we lie in the peace of the Great Release
As once in the grass together.

Those who crave a philosophy will not be so completely pleased as those who look for art in poetry. Mr. Henley does not give us so much observation of life in these verses as he did in his first book, and the reflections on life and death are a little obvious. But if the manner of saying preponderates over the matter, we need not complain of this. The book is full of charming literary echoes, old and new—for even Ibsen is not forgotten, "Ghost! Ghosts!" (p. 65).

We have preferred to notice what is praiseworthy in Mr. Henley's book; but we could have dwelt, had it seemed desirable, on less attractive features, on the occasional passages of stark commonplace tricked out in forced and pompous diction, on the insincere sound of much of the violence and virility. But we must not close without drawing attention to the two very remarkable studies in ironic grotesque, "As like the Woman as you can," and "Carmen Patibulare." These were well worth writing, and perhaps no one could have written them better.

THE BUSHRANGER'S SWEETHEART.*

THE exuberance of Mr. Nisbet's imagination is inexplicable. That is to say, Mr. Nisbet is unable to turn it into words. The story he has to tell is, perhaps, superior to such small considerations as grammar and construction. Unquestionably, it is interesting; and in days when theology and philosophy are dealt with in novels, it is pleasant, yea, wholesome, to meet with a book in which there is nothing prosy, nothing even moral. Mr. Lucknow Mortimer is heir to a fine estate, but offends his uncle in possession, for the sake of a palefaced, green-eyed niece of the village innkeeper. Emigration is the only thing possible, and we are introduced to several classical localities in Melbourne, such as Little Collins Street, Paddy's Market, and the mansion of Ah Kum, in the adjacent Chinese quarter. We are also introduced to Mr. Stringy Bark and to several larikins; to a pious editor who commits murder; to a lovely damsel who infests the lowest drinking bars at night, for a reason; to Captain Rainbow, a bushranger; to Dicky, his little boy, and to Jessie Carew, his sweetheart. The scene changes to the boundless bush. There is a good deal of rather purposeless riding to and fro upon horses, visits to Carlton Gaol, the Melbourne Club, the theatre, and other places of punishment and dissipation, and we finally discover Mr. Luck Mort—for so he has abbreviated his name—sub-editing a newspaper, and retiring in the evening to a snug cottage by the sad sea waves at Williamstown, where Jessie passes as his wife, keeps house, and entertains his guests. This risky arrangement cannot in the nature of things subsist very long. There is a thrilling passage as to a plot matured by Jessie for getting her sweetheart, Captain Rainbow, on board ship; but it fails, and the bushranger bushranges during the rest of the tale. We find untold wealth in Golden Gully; we assist in the sieges of squatters' farms; we are instructed in the natural history of a Sundowner, and we encounter once more the lovely damsel from the back slums of Melbourne. Mr. Nisbet is at his best in this part of the book, and has a very pretty eye for scenery, though his descriptions are never dragged in, but seem always to be part of the performance. After this the action of the piece is a little hurried. There is a general shoot all round, as is usual in books on bushrangers; and, in the end, all the wicked and some of the virtuous are slain, and everybody else becomes a millionaire and lives happy ever afterwards.

If we have in any way distorted Mr. Nisbet's narrative, it is because of the singular language in which it is told. No doubt there is great latitude allowed "in that free and glorious colony, where every man, woman, and child are as near to the highest state of smart perfection as it is possible for frail humanity to reach." Thus does Mr. Nisbet compel words. In another place we read of "three young men" who "were both smart fellows." Some young ladies, again, "wrote occasionally to Jim and I, addressing them to the post-office." What they addressed to the post-office does not appear. Mr. Nisbet is a little unfortunate about the post-office; for elsewhere he tells us that a clerk in that institution was "sentenced to two years imprisonment, as he had not committed forgery." Mr. Nisbet may have reasons of his own for this statement, and it would be interesting to know what the clerk could have got if he had committed forgery. They do not hang for forgery, even at Melbourne, and Mr. Nisbet is evidently unaware of the severity of two years; for at another place he is astonished that a swindler should have only "got two years for that bit of legerdemain." He fails also in his scriptural knowledge, and speaks of the

* *The Bushranger's Sweetheart: an Australian Romance.* By Hume Nisbet. London: White. 1892.

second King of Israel and his levity, "about which poor Michael was so indignant, and, woman like, would speak out her mind." But names are throughout almost as weak a point as grammar. We have a great traveller called "Henry H. Stanley," and are referred to "Bourke's Peerage," and to a "staid MacDugalite." But it is when Mr. Nisbet wants to be pathetic that his style stands, so to speak, most in his light. The Sundowner—in English, the tramp—interferes rashly with the course of a revolver bullet. "With an uncertain half-rest and stagger backwards, the Father of Sundowners fell face downwards upon the grass he loved so well to bask amongst." Yet Mr. Nisbet has perceptions as to the value of style. Of one of his favourite characters he says:—"Stringy spoke fairly grammatical when he was not slanging or swearing, and he always slanged and swore correctly." Mr. Nisbet must be a judge of when a man speaks "fairly grammatical."

But, unwilling to leave off with fault-finding, we sought out a passage of one of Mr. Nisbet's vivid descriptions to quote in conclusion. Yet even here his little failing comes in—it is an account of the view from Hobson's Bay, in Port Phillip (which, by the way, Mr. Nisbet calls "Port Philip")—"At last we were moored up alongside of the wharf at Sandridge, where the sailing vessels generally lie, and away in the distance I could see Melbourne, with its domes, spires, and lofty buildings floating hazy in the forenoon and the level plain between it and us." Undoubtedly every one who has seen it will remember that remarkable view as unlike anything else in the world.

THE SHELLEY CONCORDANCE.*

WHEN it occurred to Mr. F. S. Ellis to develop the true idea of a concordance, of which Cruden's well-known work is an example, the path of his departure, to adopt a Shelleyan term, was still free. The poets—some few at least—had their concordances, and there were poetical dictionaries, of an experimental kind, but a combined dictionary and concordance of a poet's works is an entirely novel enterprise. The publication of this "Lexical Concordance" of Shelley in the centenary year of the poet's birth is, we are told, an undesigned coincidence, yet we have no hesitation in saying the coincidence is extremely appropriate, and the work itself a remarkable monument to the poet. The mere poetical concordance is not for lovers of poetry for its own sake, but rather for those who care only to read about the poet, and round about him. The Shelley Concordance is certain to attract both classes, the few and the many. It exhibits, as every concordance must, the wonted richness of a poet's vocabulary; and it reveals, as no mere concordance can, the Shelleyan characteristics of the vocabulary, in all their diversity of significance, to the nicest shades of sensitive discrimination. For example, we note the distinction of the two forms of "crystalline," indifferently used by Shelley, with the accented penultimate, and as usually pronounced. Of "Dream," the verb, and "Dream," substantive, there are no fewer than six significations given of each. Of "Fresh" there are twenty-two meanings noted, though two suffice for less subtle folk. Words not used by Shakespeare, many of which are peculiar to Shelley, are usefully designated by an asterisk, such as "interfluous," "interstellar," and those sonorous compounds—e.g., "all-beholding"—in which Shelley delighted, with many other characteristic forms. It is possible, indeed, to imagine some sympathetic person, ignorant of Shelley's poetical works and life, obtaining a fair conception of the poet and his poetry by consulting this volume, and merely observing the frequency and differentiation of meaning of such characteristic words as "air," "atmosphere," "beam," "star," "etherial," "dew," "dim," "cloud," and the like. With many ends in view, we have diligently consulted the volume, and note no instance of its classification of words failing to withstand the tolerably searching test applied. In one or two instances, perhaps—as in "Dream"—the distinction of the literal and the figurative sense is a trifle over-refined, or imperfectly established; though where it strikes us there is too great a refinement shown it may be as justly charged to the subtle-souled poet as to Mr. Ellis or his colleagues. If they have erred at all in this matter, it is in the congenial spirit of sympathy.

The making of a concordance may be, as Mr. Ellis diffidently remarks, "a simple matter, needing only patience, industry, and time," yet it is obvious that the maker who carries his work beyond the true scope of a concordance must be gifted in other ways. With regard to Shelley, he must be endowed with know-

ledge and sympathy, or his undertaking would be altogether vain. No one who consults the Shelley Concordance will fail to perceive how well qualified Mr. Ellis is, and as to the new departure, it is the source of all that is interesting or suggestive in the work. The method of classification, which we have noticed, does not exhaust the novelty of the scheme. Proper names, for instance, are explained or identified, not dealt with in plain concordance fashion. Thus the reference to Cottington in *Charles the First*—

And the overgrown schoolboy Cottington—

is found under the heading "Cottington" with the note "Lord Cottington, b. 1578, d. 1658." Geographical names that occur in Shelley, as in the line "Copotaxi! bid thee sound," are similarly explained. Thus the lexical character of the work is preserved throughout. But Shelley, like other poets, employed geographical words of a recondite kind, and poetical geography is likely to exercise the ingenuity of the commentator. It is doubtful, perhaps, whether a concordance-maker is bound to decide whether Landor's "wilderness of woe" and "Masir" are in the kingdom of Bornu or in Kordofan. Possibly, the poetical reader does not trouble himself about what "swart Zaboom" may be, or its latitude and longitude. We must own, however, to having felt some curiosity as to the explanation Mr. Ellis might give of "Aornos," a word introduced with magical effect in one of Shelley's most imposing and musical verses:—

Shadowy Aornos darkened o'er the helm
The horizontal ether.

The name once more occurs in Shelley, in *Alastor*:—

Till vast Aornos seen from Petra's steep.

In the second of the examples Aornos is thus interpreted—"A lofty rock in India (?)." The note of interrogation here is nothing but judicious. "Vast Aornos" is a mountain where no bird could fly, and it is passing strange that it should be seen, if in India, from "Petra's steep." In the first example the name is interpreted as meaning Lake Avernus, which also no bird could cross, which accords with the topography of the poem—the "Ode to Naples"—and with the judgment of certain of the learned. Perhaps the Shelley Society will inquire into these points; though, to be sure, as Mr. Ellis has failed to resolve our doubts, we are not sanguine as to the results of their deliberations.

MR. KIPLING'S BALLADS.*

IT is a striking testimony to the rapidity with which Mr. Rudyard Kipling has won his way to literary fame that idle people are already beginning to ask each other idle conundrums about him. When this happens to any writer, he may regard his position as assured. There is only one further compliment which the idle people can inflict upon him; but it is only fair in the present case to warn the accomplished young writer that this may be actually preparing for him, and to chasten his legitimate satisfaction by bidding him reflect that we may already be within measurable distance of the foundation of a Kipling Society. For the amateur critic is already beginning to ask his brother amateur that eminently profitable question whether Mr. Kipling, as a powerful story-teller and the master of a prose-style, admirably effective as art, and singularly inartistic as literature, might, could, would, or should be expected to attain an equal, or a larger, or a smaller amount of success as a poet. To reply in a spirit appropriate to the solemn trifling of the question, we may say that Mr. Kipling's success as a poet was always likely to depend on the character of the poetry which he attempted; that, if it made demand only on the qualities which he displays in his prose, he would succeed in it; and if not, not. Which answer carries us, though not far indeed, yet quite as far as the question deserves.

Meanwhile we may roughly divide the admirers of the poet into those who prefer the Barrack-room Ballads and those who like the "Other Verses" better; and we will further say that, save as regards one splendid exception in the "Other Verses," we are of the former persuasion. As a rule, Mr. Kipling's verse appears to us to have most of the stuff of poetry where it least aspires to form; and if this be, as perhaps it is, to rate him lower as a poet than the other division of his admirers can approve, we are sorry for it. But in sincerity and directness of utterance, in power of vivid presentment, and in truth and depth of feeling—three tolerably important contributors to poetic effect—we find little in the "Other Verses"—the splendid exception aforesaid always

* *A Lexical Concordance to the Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley*. Compiled and arranged by F. S. Ellis. London: Bernard Quaritch. 1892.

* *Barrack-room Ballads; and other Verses*. By Rudyard Kipling. London: Methuen. 1892.

excepted—which appears to us to compare with the best of the Barrack Room Ballads—say with “*Danny Deever*,” or “*Oonts*,” or “*Fuzzy Wuzzy*,” or “*Mandalay*”—four pieces which we have purposely selected as representative of four widely differing moods. All of them, except the last, are written in the most corrupt dialect of Tommy Atkins’s barbaric tongue; but by sheer force of inevitability in every line and rhyme, by the absolutely glove-like fit of every word upon every thought, they achieve what may be seriously and without paradox described as the highest perfection of style; while the last-mentioned of them, the ballad of “*Mandalay*,” in which we see a sort of dumb poetry struggling for utterance in Atkins’s bosom, and at times almost moulding his uncouth lingo into something like a resemblance to civilized human speech, is to our mind a work of very high art indeed. Nevertheless, it is observable that these barrack-room ballads are always and essentially dialect poems; that their strength lies in that fact and is inseparable from it, and that on the sole occasion when the author drops dialect for a moment in this part of his work, his power seems to depart from him at once. Thus the only plain and positive failure in the volume is the ballad of “*Gentlemen-Rankers*,” a good enough bit of verse in itself, but as obviously a study of the gentleman-ranker from without as “*Cells*,” for instance, or “*Tommy*,” is a study of the ordinary private from within. It is safe to say, we think, that if Tommy had given his own view of his gentleman comrade in his own language, we should have got a truer and more effective picture of him than Mr. Kipling gives us in this somewhat sentimental sketch.

Of the other verses, the one to which we have once or twice referred already as the “exception” stands far ahead of its companion pieces. The “Ballad of East and West” completely maintains the powerful impression which it must have produced even upon the coolest critical judgment when it first appeared in *Macmillan’s Magazine*. Re-read in this volume, it confirms our view of it as one of the greatest pieces of epic narrative which is to be found in our literature. The rude chivalry of the incident detailed in it might well, indeed, have inspired a far less powerful writer than Mr. Kipling to surpass himself; and the higher praise, therefore, is due to him for having surpassed his subject. *Materiam superavit opus*—excellent as the matter is, and for fire and speed, for strength and lightness, no such story as this of the border chief who restores the stolen mare to the son of its owner in sheer admiration of the headlong daring with which his pursuer had chased him through a country swarming with the ambushed tribesmen of the fugitive, has been told in verse since the days of him who sang of other “lifters” on a “Border” nearer home.

With most of the remainder of Mr. Kipling’s other verse, as having more recently appeared, the public are, no doubt, more familiar than with the “Ballad of East and West.” “*The Bolivar*,” for instance, must be still fresh in their memories, and the admirable piece which relates the belligerent fortunes of that triumph of naval construction and equipment, H.M.S. *Clampershaw*. In these ballads, the poet moves with something of the freedom that marks his verse of the barrack-room, and has invented for himself a rough but vigorous metrical language, which is in perfect keeping with his matter. Hence these too, though not equal to the songs of Tommy Atkins, are more unqualified successes than pieces like the “*English Flag*,” stirring as is its rhetoric, and certainly than the somewhat cryptic rhyme of the “*Three Captains*,” or than “*Tomlinson*,” the grim satire of which, though effective in places, is often overstrained. “*Cleared*,” the well-remembered lines on the Report of the Special Commission, is, perhaps, the least faulty of these pieces; but few of the others in this part of the volume, though there is plenty of good stuff in them, allow us to forget for many lines together that Mr. Kipling’s muse still suffers somewhat from the exuberance of youth, and that his poems would gain in finish without losing in strength by a little chastening from the artist’s hand.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE owe the Marquis Costa de Beauregard no small thanks for this volume (1), though, as in respect of some earlier work of his, we cannot entirely approve his method. The historical romance is sometimes a delightful thing; but we own to a morose and Philistine dislike of romances of history. That some people will read M. de Beauregard’s (it is impossible to be always saying M. le Marquis Costa de Beauregard’s) book who would not have read it if he had simply published his documents

or woven them into a plain tale we can well believe, and we are quite sure that he has told nothing here for which he has not documentary authority. But the manner of telling, we confess, teases us. The story, for instance, of the hero’s clandestine negotiations at Coblenz between Madame Elizabeth and her brothers might be obscure if told in the most dry-as-dust fashion; as told here it is impossible to make head or tail of it. The twenty pages of finale we have with great difficulty sifted down to the facts—that the official documents all state the hero to have been taken alive at the fall of Lyons; while M. de Beauregard prefers a rumour that he fell when Précéy tried to cut his way out. But M. de Beauregard has enveloped these simple facts in such a cloud of dramatic and romantic presentation that we really are not sure even of them.

Peace with him, however; for the story which he presents in this fashion is a very remarkable one, and is, we think, the most complete and typical of its kind. Henry Comte de Virieu makes no great figure in ordinary histories of the Revolution; but he played a remarkable part in many of its striking events, and his career and fate go a long way to explain the downfall of France. Virieu was a Dauphinois noble, of a very old family (it had bestowed property on the Chartreuse in the year when Tannhäuser went to Rome), and fairly wealthy. He was the godson and *protégé* of the Duchess of Rohan; had made some way in the army before the Revolution broke out, and exhibited a not very common combination of devotion to the Church, to his own idea of the monarchy, and, at the same time, to Liberal principles. This queer mixture brought about queer results. He was a sort of agent for Dauphiné (the most fractious, it may be remembered, of all the provinces in those days), during the ill-starred premiership of Loménie de Brienne. As a noble deputy to the States-General, he took the popular side warmly. On the famous night when the nobility of France flung away all their privileges, he modestly distinguished himself among the self-deniers by moving the abolition of seigniorial dovecotes. He presided at that office for patriotic contributions at which such very curious offerings were made. He seems to have thoroughly swallowed, and as far as possible assimilated, the notion of the “Citizen King.” He mortally offended his godmother—herself a *Frondeuse* of the bitterest, but no democrat—by his proceedings in this direction, and we are delighted to learn that just about the time when he was offering his dovecotes to the populace, the populace were taking him at better than his word by sacking his country seat. This does not seem to have annoyed him much; he was too far gone. But when the Revolution, of which he had not only hailed the dawn, but done his best to hurry on the noon, began to strike at Church and King, he was, like other dear good fools of his kind, utterly surprised. He made himself extremely, and even dangerously, unpopular by objecting to popular excesses. He helped the flight of Mesdames Adelaide and Victoire. He was among the few who stood by the Swiss on the fatal Tenth of August, and appears to have escaped by a hair’s breadth. He accepted, as we have seen, very obscure, but certainly difficult and dangerous, missions to the emigrants, though he would not emigrate himself. And at last he threw himself into the Lyons revolt, of which he was offered the command, but refused it, lest his open Royalism should offend the chiefly Girondin population of that luckless and gallant town. His biographer seems to think that, if Précéy had taken his advice, the town would have been saved, which we venture to doubt. Dubois-Crancé might have been driven off, but somebody else would have come; the provinces were too distracted to help each other, the moderate Republicans were not yet ready to join the Royalists, and the *conquête Jacobine* was still on the mounting hand. However, Virieu fought gallantly through the siege, commanded the rearguard (the post of danger) in the final sally, and was no doubt either killed fighting, or taken and, like so many others, shot out of hand. The story, which M. de Beauregard has enriched with some pleasant and sympathetic domestic details from family papers, is a sad, an instructive, and no doubt a useless one. It will not—nothing will—warn the amiable moderate Liberal or moderate Tory against playing with the lion’s cub of democracy; against cheerfully chipping away the supports and expecting that the bridge will stand the flood; against taking bare candles into fiery mines that the toiler may be eased in his toil, and light his pipe and be comfortable. If the moderate men will not attend to Moses and the Prophets—in other words, to the whole course of history—a poor casual Comte de Virieu, though he rise thus from the dead, will not persuade them. But his history is valuable and interesting all the same.

The only point of interest in the last volume (2) of the hugest

(1) *Le roman d’un royaliste*. Par le Marquis Costa de Beauregard. Paris: Plon.

(2) *Mémoires du Prince de Talleyrand*. Tome v. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

and dullest practical joke ever played on Prince Posterity is a moderate and dignified preface by the Duke of Broglie defending the authenticity of the Memoirs. There never has been even the faintest imputation on the Duke's own good faith, and it may be that, as he thinks, the much-discussed "copy" is the genuine and complete representative of what Talleyrand wished to be published. But, if so, he was even more of a "dry wretch," as Defoe has it, than he was thought to be. Of course, even as it is, the book does not, and could not, lack value; but it is frightfully lacking in interest, and that not merely, as the Duke seems to think, in interest of scandal.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"**I**F preventable, why not prevented?" is the thought that is suggested by the Hon. Rollo Russell's handbook, *Epidemics, Plagues, and Fevers: their Causes and Prevention* (Stanford), which is put forth as "an epitome of existing knowledge concerning the nature and prevention of maladies commonly spoken of as 'preventable,' and now chiefly under the legal control of local representative bodies." This substantial volume—a somewhat formidable "handbook" in appearance—embodies researches that cover the whole field of practical hygienic science. The history of past epidemics, reports of official commissions, or of individual experts, the experience of sanitary boards and medical officers, health statistics, discoveries in bacteriology, and records of hospitals, sanitary institutes, and so forth, fall within the scope of Mr. Russell's work. Clearly stated in the preface, the educational aim of the book is faithfully adhered to and fully illustrated. At present, as Mr. Russell contends, the science of "Public Life-saving" is far ahead of the practice. We teach, he observes, in compulsorily-attended schools the names of "ancient and unworthy kings," of lakes, mountains, rivers, and so on; while we neglect to instruct in the weightier matters that concern life, health, prosperity, and happiness. The remedy lies in placing the knowledge of first principles of hygiene within the acquisition of every person of the community. In short, the practical power which science has brought to the feet of law can only work with efficiency and ease through the widest diffusion of sound instruction. Mr. Russell raises no banner with a strange device in this cause. "Useful Knowledge" has been a taking battle-cry with reformers since the days of Brougham. But, without disparaging in the smallest degree the importance of the knowledge Mr. Russell would disseminate in our primary schools, would it not be well that the educational process should begin with the legally-constituted representative bodies? Considering what those bodies are, how constituted, and with what powers endowed by the Public Health Acts amended, perhaps it was as well that "the feet of the law" should first be strengthened to walk in the set scientific path. A County Council unversed in practical hygienic science must be very unequally yoked with a rural sanitary authority that understands its work. The air we breathe, the water we drink, the habitations we occupy, are subjects of importance to every individual; but it is still more important that those charged with the care of the public health should be free to administer their legal powers unvexed by the interference of ignorant zealots. Mr. Russell's book, we do not doubt, will prove useful to persons interested in the promotion of health, and may prepare the way for the co-operation of an enlightened public, and an efficient and uniform administration of the sanitary law.

Mr. James Francis Kendal's *History of Watches and other Time-Keepers* (Crosby Lockwood & Son) is a concise account of the development of timepieces from the dials, water-clocks, and hemicycles of the ancients to the modern chronograph. This little book is full of curious information, and is well illustrated by woodcuts illustrating the mechanism or outward forms of famous or beautiful clocks and watches. Open the book where you may, there is interesting matter in it concerning the ingenious devices of the ancient or modern horologer. The subject is treated in a liberal and entertaining spirit, as might be expected of a historian who is an expert and a master of the craft.

In *Australian Life*, by Francis Adams (Chapman & Hall), we have a collection of short stories that reveal considerable dramatic power, and at the same time deal with unfamiliar aspects of colonial life with undeniable freshness and vivacity. Some of the lighter sketches, which relieve the somewhat sombre tone of the more dramatic stories, are executed with an incisiveness of touch that is as uncommon as it is effective. "A Bush Girl" is a capital example of the skill Mr. Adams possesses in this pleasing vein. Not all, however, of the tales are up to this

standard; for the collection, like most collections of stories, is an unequal one. The dramatic gift of the story-teller is most favourably shown in those stories in which the element of horror is the dominant quality, as in "The Hut by the Tanks," "Long Forster," and "The Last of the Bushrangers."

A Tiger's Cub, by Eden Philpotts (Arrowmith), appears to be intended as a study in heredity, and an extremely grim and unsavoury study it is. It is incidentally confessed, with regard to the villain of the story, by his weaker associate in crime, "Heredity never produced any nature more entirely instructive than John Colfox's." But the same worthy proceeds to observe that until psychology and heredity are summoned to our aid, this John Colfox remains a monster—which is precisely what he is, and a monster without instruction. And the student of heredity might as profitably study the *Newgate Calendar* as this gruesome story.

The Year Book for the Episcopal Church in Scotland, compiled by H. A. Boswell (Edinburgh: St. Giles' Printing Co.; London: Masters), makes a promising first appearance. It comprises special contributions by the Dean of St. Andrews, Canon Skinner Wilson, the Rev. James Bruce, and the Rev. J. Woodward, and is in all respects a handy and serviceable manual.

Major Ross-of-Bladensburg has designed a very useful "Simplex" *Chart of Parliamentary Representation*, 1892 (Philip & Son), a glance at which will inform the voter of the exact distribution of seats. The map is admirably clear, and the accompanying statistics are neatly set forth.

Visitors to Naples, especially all who are interested in the antiquities of Pompeii, may be commended to the new and revised edition of the excellent *Biografia di Pompeii, Ercolano e Stabia*, compiled and published by Friedrich Furchheim, of Naples.

Of schoolbooks we have a varied assortment to hand. From Messrs. Percival & Co. *Eutropius*, selections from the first six books, with notes by Mr. A. R. S. Hallidie, and exercises for translation made parallel with the text—a useful provision; *Cæsar*, Books II. and III. of "The Gallic War," edited by Mr. M. J. F. Brackenbury, each book with map, notes, vocabulary, and parallel translation exercises; and a selection of easy passages from *Livy*, edited by Mr. H. N. Kingdon, with the same convenient arrangement of sentences for translation.

In Messrs. Percival's "English Classics for Schools" we have Macaulay's *Essay on Warren Hastings*, edited with notes by James Cowan; selections from *The Talisman* and from *Kenilworth*, edited by the Rev. E. Gilliat; selections from Pope's translation of the *Iliad*, Books IX.-XVI., with introduction and notes, by H. L. Earl; and selections from the *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More, with introduction and notes by T. Lattimer.

From Messrs. Macmillan & Co. we have *The Princess*, edited by Percy M. Wallace, with notes and introduction; *Aylmer's Field*, edited by W. T. Webb, with notes and introduction; *Progressive Mathematical Exercises*, by A. T. Richardson, first series, with answers; the First Book of *Euclid*, arranged for beginners, by the Rev. J. B. Lock; and the *Medea* of Euripides, with notes and vocabulary by M. A. Bayfield.

We have also received *A Handbook of British Commerce*, by P. L. Simmonds (Moffatt & Paige), a very useful manual of information arranged alphabetically; *The Manifestation of Disease in Forest Trees*, by Charles E. Curtis (Horace Cox), a short treatise addressed to landowners; *The Drainage of Habitable Buildings*, by W. Lee Beardmore (Whittaker & Co.); *Chemical Calculations*, by R. Lloyd Whiteley (Longmans & Co.), specially adapted for use in colleges and science schools; *Arithmetic for Schools*, by Charles Smith (Cambridge: at the University Press); *The Powers which Propel and Guide the Planets*, by Sydney Laidlaw (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *Max Müller and the Science of Language*, a criticism, by William Dwight Whitney (New York: Appleton); *Musical Education and Culture*, an inaugural address, by Frederick Niecks (Blackwood & Sons); *Wheels and Wings*, by William M. Gardner (Digby, Long, & Co.); *Grammar of the Bengali Language*, Literary and Colloquial, by John Beames (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press); *The Worth of Human Testimony*, by Thomas Fitz-Arthur (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *Britannic Confederation*, edited by Arthur Silva White (Philip & Son), a series of papers, by Admiral Sir John Colomb, the late Professor Freeman, and others, on Imperial Federation; *The State and Pensions in Old Age*, by J. A. Spender (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); *Pensions and Pauperism*, by J. Frome Wilkinson (Methuen & Co.); *Aspects of Faith and Religion in the Seventeenth Century*, by the Rev. Arthur Williamson, D.D. (Wells Gardner & Co.); *The Elements of Ethics*, by J. H. Muirhead (John Murray), a "University Extension" Manual; *Life and Immortality*, a poem by C. S. Middleton, second edition

(Cooper & Attwood); *The Fig and the Idler*, with other stories, from the French of Alphonse Daudet, illustrated (Fisher Unwin); and *Annals of Our Time*, a record of events, by H. Hamilton Fyfe, Part I. of Vol. III. (Macmillan & Co.)

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A. W. CUMMING, Secretary.

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